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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

FACTS AND FACES.

The "New Wimbledon."

FROM the bureaucratic trials of Mr. Henry Matthews and Mr. Raikes, and the troublous subject of Police disaffection, it is a real pleasure to turn to the beautiful stretch of country in the midst of which the National Rifle Association has pitched its camp this year. I have enjoyed a trip to Bisley, the "New Wimbledon," and speak from experience when I say Bisley Common bids fair to be a healthier site even than the Old Wimbledon, which our Volunteer sharpshooters parted with in sorrow last July. Bisley Common lies to the north of the Brookwood Station of the London and South-Western Railway; and the Camp is connected with Brookwood by a new tram-line, which crosses a bridge on the Basingstoke Canal, and takes one by an easy ascent to the exhilarating summit of the common. Some familiar landmarks will be found at the "New Wimbledon," the opening shot at which will be fired by the Princess of Wales on the current Saturday afternoon. The Pavilion, the Clock Tower, the Umbrella Tent, the tents of Canvas Town will presently delight the eyes of thousands of marksmen. Prodigious is the array of targets. The new national shooting-ground opens well under Royal auspices. May the ardour of our crack shots not be damped by wet weather!

Sir Edwin Chadwick and his Friends.

Sir Edwin Chadwick's death, at the age of ninety, on the 5th inst., removes one of whom the world knew all too little, but who should yet be counted among its noteworthy names. It is usually a thankless office, that of the sanitary reformer. Yet who shall estimate the amount of life that has been saved, the amount of pain that has been alleviated, and of poverty that has been softened by the energetic efforts of the late Sir Edwin Chadwick? Only the other day I was reading some of his essays on "Overcrowding," "The Water of the Dwelling-House," "Epidemics in Schools," "Healthy Recreations," and so on, all brought together into one volume (Longmans) by his friend

SIR EDWIN CHADWICK. DR. B. W. RICHARDSON. SIR RICHARD OWEN.

THE LATE SIR EDWIN CHADWICK AND HIS FRIENDS.

From a Photograph by MM. Done and Ball, 12, Baker-street, W.

Dr. Benjamin Richardson,

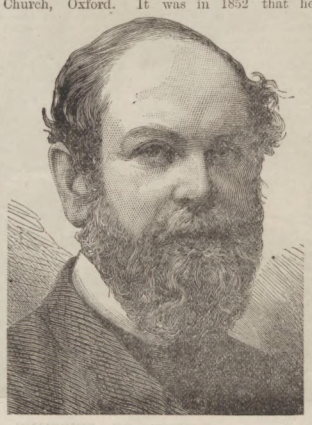
who also tells the story of a life zealous on behalf of healthy homes for the poor. Sir Edwin worked energetically for many years in connection with the Poor Law Board and as President of the Public Sanitary Inspectors. But his dreams were not all realised. He hoped to achieve a social state in which the destitute children would be put into healthful and well-ordered industrial schools, where they would be well fed, well clothed, and each taught a trade: the aged destitute he would have put into almshouses, where they could pass the rest of their days in comfort. The workhouses, in fact, he would have reduced to the smallest possible proportions. Well, he is dead, and many of the ideas to which he gave currency are still only "in the air"; but let us remember and honour him, not only as a sanitarian, but as a great social reformer. One eminent contemporary of Chadwick's still remains to us in the person of

Sir Richard Owen,

who is four years younger. May it be long before our columns record the biography of the distinguished palæontologist and anatomist! Meanwhile, we are pleased to give portraits of the three great brother workers in the realms of medical science.

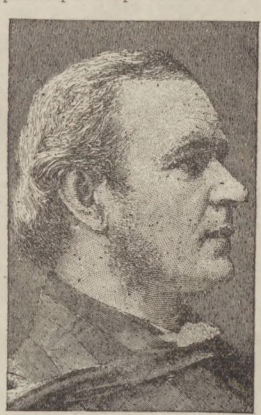
Sir H. Percy Anderson

is the rising diplomatist who took part with Sir Edward Malet, our Ambassador at Berlin, in the negotiations which preceded the recent Anglo-German Agreement. This was to the effect that, in consideration of Germany's recognition of Great Britain's supremacy in certain parts of East Africa, the little Island of Heligoland should be ceded to Germany. On a former occasion, some five years ago, Sir Henry Anderson assisted Sir Edward Malet at Berlin in a West African conference, and he was knighted for his services on that occasion. He is portrayed from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street, W. Son of the Rev. Robert Anderson, he was born in 1831, and was educated at Marlborough School and at Christ Church, Oxford. It was in 1852 that he



SIR H. PERCY ANDERSON.

entered the Foreign Office; and his rise in the diplomatic world has not been slackened, it may be taken for granted, by his marriage to the widow of the late Lord Boston. He has a good knowledge of men and cities—or should have, for diplomatists *have* been known to go about the world with their eyes closed to all save the red-tape and official life immediately around them. It is to be presumed, however, that you will not catch an Anderson asleep. He has had diplomatic experience in Lisbon and Washington, and has been a Senior Foreign Office clerk since 1873. In fine, he has the felicity to be in the primrose path of diplomatic dalliance.



Archdeacon Farrar.

I have received a little book, by Archdeacon Farrar, on the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play—the first book to describe the play as it is to be seen in this year 1890 (published by William Heinemann). Other books—and a dozen or so have reached me—merely describe what was seen ten or twenty years ago. Dr. Farrar writes very pleasantly, although a little too argumentatively, about the play; but I cannot agree with him in wishing to see the time-honoured custom come to an end. However, may all the books—and I suppose we shall have a great many more to follow—be as sober and as sympathetic as this, by the genial Archdeacon, whom some of us find it hard not to call

"Canon" Farrar!

Dr. Farrar is fifty-nine years of age, having been born in Bombay in 1831. He was educated at King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1871 he was appointed Head Master of Marlborough College; he having previously written "Eric," "St. Winifred's," and other books for boys. In 1874 "The Life of Christ," although it contained more rhetoric than reason, brought him an abundance of fame, which was enhanced two years later, when, as Canon of Westminster, he embarked in the controversy as to the punishment of the wicked in another world. His "Life of St. Paul," "Early Days of Christianity," and "Lives of the Fathers" may be considered a continuation of the "Christ."

Miss Kate Vaughan.

Miss Kate Vaughan aspires to be a comic actress now, and, as she possesses decided ability, there is no reason why she should not be ambitious. She has earned the distinction of completely reforming stage dancing, for in all the new performers we can see her graceful influence. Miss Vaughan understood the meaning of the "poetry of motion." She was very modest in her earlier stage experiences, for we find her in 1872, as a member of Miss Litton's company at the Court Theatre, playing a very little part in the burlesque "In Re Bacon." But in the pantomime at Drury-Lane afterwards, people began to speak of her in a very complimentary manner. There was something in her style that gave refinement even to a pantomime character. She had the spirit of an artiste, was speedily proved when she got more prominent parts in Gaiety pieces. There was dignity as well as grace of movement in her dancing, and she carries the same ease of manner into her comedy acting. Not long ago, when I saw her play Lady Teazle, her advance as an actress surprised me.

Visual Telegraphy.

When I was at the Post Office Jubilee Conversazione I was absolutely startled by the wonders of the telegraph, for I could not only receive a message, but see the face of the sender. It reads like some passage in the "Arabian Nights," but the face was a fact, and the fact was that the face of a gentleman could be scrutinised "as in a glass darkly," but with the true features and expression of the original. After this wonder, what next? Mesmerism, clairvoyance, and all such mummeries are put out of court by the simple application of science. If, in the course of time, "distance is no object," we may be holding converse with the "man in the moon," and sending him the latest particulars of fashionable life. But what will the criminal classes say to "visual telegraphy"? How will Bill Sikes relish it when his features are shown up, after he has been "burgling," an active and intelligent member of Science who has got wind of his proceedings? Science has done much to check crime. I heard a young couple whispering something to the effect that it was all very well "seeing a face, but you couldn't get near enough for a kiss." Science doesn't recognise that sort of thing. Its mission is of a graver kind.

Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda."

The production of Mr. A. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda," at the Royal Italian Opera, is one of the most important of recent musical events. It carries us back to the days when Balfe wrote for the Italian stage. For many years there has not been so good an English opera as "Esmeralda," and I am glad to know that Mr. Augustus Harris has done his utmost for the work. The composer has written some fine music for the opera, one of the best items being a recitative and air for soprano. The recitative introduces snatches of the "Swallow Song," and the air, which I heard Madame Albani sing some time ago, will, I think, be much admired, while the accompaniment also is charming.

Mr. Edgar Bruce.

Mr. Edgar Bruce was married to Miss Lucy Sybil Windham Lukin on Wednesday last week. The popular manager made his first appearance on the London stage, Aug. 30, 1868, at the Strand Theatre, as Château Renaud in the burlesque of "The Pilgrim of Love." In 1871 he became a member of the Wyndham Comedy Company in America, and soon came to the front in leading parts, some of them being the principal personages in Robertson's plays. It was in March 1873 that Mr. Bruce was seen at the Court Theatre. There he was successful in "Alone," "The Wedding March," &c. At the St. James's Theatre in 1875 he was successful, and his first attempt at management was in the same year at the Haymarket. Afterwards, in 1876, at the Globe Theatre, he had a managerial campaign, producing there "Jo," with Jennie Lee as the street-sweeping hero. He followed Mr. Charles Wyndham as Greythorne in "The Two Dominoes" at the Criterion, and he was also in Mr. Gilbert's comedy "Engaged," by the Royalty. Mr. Bruce became manager of the Royalty, when he produced "Crutch and Toothpick," by Mr. G. R. Sims. Mr. Bruce's recent efforts are familiar to playgoers.

"Within an Ace,"

by Mr. Mark Eastwood, may be recommended to all who like an exciting romance. It is a two-shilling novel, published by Digby and Long. It vigorously portrays the perils run and baffled by Nihilists. I own I am thankful to Mr. Mark Eastwood for an engrossing night's reading. I was spellbound by the Nihilist hero's narrow escape from the scaffold and flight to the sanctuary of his constant sweetheart's home. "Monte Cristo"-like bursting from prison bonds, and the vicissitudes of his risky journey to Berlin, where he is eventually reunited to the devoted girl of his heart.—THE PROMPTER.

An Expert Michigan Swimmer named John L. Soules on July 4 attempted to swim through the Niagara Rapids, where Webb met his death in 1883. He entered the water from a boat about a mile above the rapids, and was carried down stream with about the full rapidity of the current. He passed through the upper rapids, but was severely injured, being thrown against a rock and badly cut. He was able to swim, however, and just managed to make to the shore, thus failing to pass the lower rapids, which are the most dangerous.

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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Mdlle. Basta, the Russian Prima Donna at the Royal Italian Opera.
From a Photograph by Mr. Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond-street, W.

What lover of music who has had the pleasure of hearing Mdlle. Basta (or Tavary) as Eva in "Meistersinger" at Covent Garden Theatre, but must feel grateful to Mr. Augustus Harris for introducing this sweet songstress and accomplished dramatic artist to London? Mdlle. Basta, who made a very successful début at the Royal Italian Opera as Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni," under the name of Madame Tavary, was born at Moscow in 1859, her parents being Russians of distinction. At an early age, Mdlle. Basta exhibited great talent for music, and studied the piano, harmony, and singing with the intention of becoming a pianiste. Mdlle. Basta made great progress in the latter art, and would probably have taken a very high position in the profession. Discovering she had a fine voice, Mdlle. Basta turned her attention to its cultivation and development, studying under Madame Marchesi in Paris, and Lamperti in Milan. Mdlle. Basta also had the good fortune to study acting under the celebrated tragedienne Rossi—a circumstance to which she attributes much of her success as a dramatic artiste. She made her début at La Scala, in Milan, in the title-rôle in "Lucia di Lammermoor" with success. She next appeared at the Imperial Theatre in Berlin, her first great hit being made as Carmen. In Cologne, in 1882, Mdlle. Basta subsequently appeared at Munich, where she became a great favourite with the late King of Bavaria, whose friendship she succeeded in holding till his death.

At the special request of the King of Bavaria, Mdlle. Basta appeared as Eva in "Die Meistersinger," with very great success. The King was so pleased with this performance that he had a picture painted for his private collection, representing Eva and Hans Sachs at the window in the second act. This picture has a great reputation, and an immense number of photographs of it have been sold all over Europe. Among other presents that Mdlle. Basta received from King Ludwig II. is a costly ring representing the Nibelungen Ring, which she values very highly. Mdlle. Basta, in addition to being an excellent pianist and operatic artist, is an excellent shot, both with the rifle and revolver, target-practice forming a favourite amusement with her, being duck-shooting. She is also a capital horsewoman, and is inclined to the idea of ladies riding astride; indeed, when in Russia, and on her uncle's estate in Slavonia, she invariably rides "en cavalier," wearing long boots, breeches, and loose coat. Mdlle. Basta is also very fond of driving, and has been seen at Stuttgart, accompanied by the Princess Vera, driving four-in-hand.

Mdlle. Basta took a prize for painting and art needlework at the Exhibition in Athens last year. Three years ago Mdlle. Basta came very near being murdered by a lady she had taken into her house in Munich and befriended. The ghastly event happened after dinner. Several friends had been invited, but had left, with the exception of a young painter. Mad with jealousy, he suddenly made some remarks, which Mdlle. Basta resented, and before she could realise what had happened the lady had drawn a revolver from her pocket, presented it full at Mdlle. Basta's breast, and fired. Fortunately, the painter, seeing the action, had time to throw himself between them, receiving the shot in his shoulder. Foiled in her attempt at murder, the wretched woman turned the pistol against herself, the bullet entering her temple. She died the same night. In appearance, Mdlle. Basta is a blonde, with a wealth of fair hair, well-defined features, blue eyes, and a firmly cut mouth, with a magnificent physique, and is of medium height.

Mr. Irving's triumphant first week at the Islington Grand in "The Bells"—thronged houses each night—made the second week, with the great actor in "Louis XI.," a certain success. Wonderful has been the rush to the Grand during Mr. Irving's engagement. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the Lyceum meantime has been crowded, and that the light, bright comedies of the skilful Daly Company have again "caught on." Barely had the town left off talking of Ada Rehan, John Drew, and Mr. Lewis in "Nancy and Co.," and very delightful they and their companions all were, when the sprightly Daly rendering of Shakspere's "Taming of the Shrew" was revived with success at the Lyceum. Excellently cast as follows, this quaint old comedy is eminently worth reseeing: Miss Ada Rehan as Katharine, Mr. John Drew as Petruchio, Mr. James Lewis as Grumio, Mrs. Gilbert as Curtis, Mr. George Clarke as a Lord, Mr. Charles Fisher as Baptista, Mr. Charles Leclercq as Gremio, Mr. Charles Wheatleigh as Sly, Mr. Frederic Bond as Tranio, Mr. Eugene Ormond as Lucentio, Mr. Sidney Herbert as Hortensio, Miss Edith Crane as Bianca, and Miss Adelaide Prince as the Widow. Mr. Augustin Daly's soul is open to melting charity. He gives up the Lyceum next Thursday afternoon for a benefit performance on behalf of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, and announces for July 23 a special matinée in aid of Mrs. Jeune's Holiday Fund to give poor children a day in the country. Wouldn't the youngsters of many a so-called middle-class family rejoice if they could have their share of this fund! For the sake of a well-coupled brace of hard-working fellow-journalists—"Richard Henry," to wit—I am glad to hear that Mr. Daly has secured the American rights of MM. Butler and Newton's new and original matrimonial mixture, "Adoption" by name, lately produced very successfully at Toole's. Mr. Daly showed his judgment in taking a fancy to this capital little piece.

Speaking of Toole's, I must congratulate Miss Violet Melnotte upon the marked success which attended the opening of her summer comedy campaign at Toole's Theatre. I confess I laughed from the beginning to the close of the farcical play by Mr. J. H. Darnley, which is christened "The Solicitor," but which might more appropriately be called "The Redcoats," or "I doat upon the military," there is such a full flavour of the barracks about it. The poor "Solicitor" who gives the name to the farce in three acts is one Gilbert Brandon, and this part is briskly acted by Mr. Tresahar. He overwhelms himself with perplexity and confusion through having, in a mad after-dinner freak, driven a hansom cab for a wager, his fares being his own wife and a couple of burglars. How the real cabby gets "run in," and the cabby's captivating daughter wins all hearts, including that of an inflammable old Colonel, who is one of the most amusing characters in the play, it would be unfair to relate in detail. Suffice it to say that "The Solicitor" causes continuous mirth, and that the company and the author richly merited the hearty applause that came at the final fall of the curtain. "The Solicitor" could not have been acted with greater zest by Mr. Wyndham's company in the old "Pink Dominoes" days. All worked with a will. The most successful were Miss Susie Vaughan as Mrs. Brandon (the jealous wife of "The Solicitor"); pretty and piquant Miss Clara Ellison as Mary the cabman's daughter; comical Mr. Kay as Colonel Sterndale; Mr. Tresahar as the Solicitor; Mr. Graham Wentworth as Captain Midhurst; and Mr. D'Orsay as handsome Private Manners. If you want a laugh—don't "ask a Policeman"—but drop into Toole's, and enjoy "The Solicitor"!

THESPIS.

Lady Pender's Death on Tuesday was a sad blow to Sir John Pender and numerous friends. A gentlewoman of culture and refinement, Lady Pender had endeared herself to a wide circle, and leaves behind sunny memories of her kindliness.

IT MAY SEEM INCREDIBLE, but it is nevertheless true, that by simply wearing one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS thousands of men and women have been completely cured of the most obstinate cases of nervous weakness, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, torpid liver, indigestion, constipation, sleeplessness, hysteria, internal weakness, &c. Those who are in search of health and strength should not hesitate a moment, but either call at the Electropathic and Zander Institute and personally examine the multitude of original testimonials and see the Belts scientifically tested, or write at once for pamphlet, which may be had free on application to Mr. C. B. HARNESS, President, THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, Oxford-street, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). All Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts and other appliances are guaranteed genuine. Consultation free.—[ADVT.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP.

Marie Bashkirtseff.

Is there anything more tedious, as a rule, than the diary of travel, the journal of "impressions"? But now and again a book appears which quite captivates by its special power. Such a book is the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" (Cassell and Co.) Marie was born at Poltava, in Russia, in 1860. Her father, a wealthy Russian landowner, having quarrelled with his wife, Marie and her mother early started on the Grand Tour. Nice, Rome, and Naples seem to have been their favourite resting-places. At Nice the diary opens, when Marie is twelve years of age—and, of course, in love. "O God, give me the Duke of H—," she sighs. "I'll love him and make him happy; I'll be happy, too, and kind to the poor." "I'm in love with the Duke of H—," she says again, "and can't tell him so; even if I did, he would pay no heed." But,

Alas for the Disillusions of Life!

At seventeen she sees the English Duke again, and says, "The handsome, rather stout young man with copper-coloured, auburn hair has developed into a rubicund Englishman, with small carroty whiskers reaching from the ear to the middle of the cheek." But a more real romance came into her life at fifteen, when a certain Pietro A— tried to win her love, and wellnigh succeeded. He seems to have been a wretched creature, and the opposition of his uncle, a powerful Cardinal, put a stop to his mild flirtation, of which it is hard to say whether it had really affected Marie. Perhaps it was only disappointed pride on her part which led to the many bursts of indignation which followed. But Marie's life was to take more serious scope. She went to live in Paris, and studied with an art-teacher. Ere long she became an artist, and a successful one. Her pictures were exhibited at the Salon. But the keen ambition which dominated her was to end tragically. In her twenty-third year she died. One's first impression of Marie is that of a selfish worldling, but she was much more. She had the making of a very noble woman, but what she gained in precocity on one side she lost on another, and before her heart had been touched and her nature ennobled by some one strong affection she died. That she had great possibilities above and apart from her pleasure-loving life is shown by such words as the following: "O God, forgive me for weeping! There are people more miserable than myself. There are people in want of bread, whereas, for me, I sleep in a bed covered with lace; there are people who bruise their feet in walking over the stones of the road, whereas, for me, I walk on the softest carpets; people who have only the sky for a covering, whereas, for me, I have above my head a canopy of blue satin. O God! perhaps Thou art punishing me for these tears I shed." Yes, these memoirs make a fascinating book, and quite justify their writer's claim: "Should I not live long enough to become famous," she says, "this journal will be of interest to naturalists; for

The Life of a Woman

must always be curious, told thus day by day, without any attempt at posing; as if no one in the world would ever read it, yet written with the intention of being read: for I feel quite sure the reader will find me sympathetic. And I tell all—yes, all. Else what were the use of it? In fact, it will be sufficiently apparent that I tell everything."

"The Kreutzer Sonata."

All the interesting books seem to be coming from Russia or the Russians just now. No sooner do I lay down Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal" than I take up Tolstoi's latest romance, "The Kreutzer Sonata" (Remington and Co.) The story tells how a quite abnormally offensive husband, one Pozdnisheff, kills his wife because of her intrigue with another man, and then dilates in a railway carriage upon our present marriage system. The title comes from the fact that the wife was first led astray by the fascination of a musician's playing of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata." But what has all this quite exceptional condition of things to do with love and marriage? Nothing at all, so far as the experience of many men and women in England is concerned; but Tolstoi takes the opportunity of railing against the present condition of things amatory. In the new *Universal Review* he continues his sermon. But here we leave literature and find ourselves in sociological science, with which I, at least, have nothing to do.—TATLER.

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Portraits of Mr. Stanley and His Bride.—With *Bow Bells*, No. 132, and *Bow Bells Novelettes*, No. 610, will be presented a pair of portraits, in monotints, of Mr. H. M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant. The portrait of Mr. Stanley is from a cabinet photograph kindly given to the proprietors by the great traveller himself. Miss Dorothy Tennant's is from a portrait specially taken by her sister, Mrs. Eveleen Myers.

The National Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace on August 16 next promises to be full of interest. There will be a Co-operative Flower Show, a Co-operative Production Exhibition, a choir of 6000 voices to prove the harmonious nature of Co-operation, and a magnificent display of fireworks by Brock. To encourage skilled workmen and skilful apprentices, the promoters offer several gold medals and Herkomer certificates as prizes for the best specimens of upholstery, cabinet-making, wood-carving, art metal work, engineering, letterpress printing, &c.; the most meritorious exhibition gaining the gold medal. The Prize Schedule includes 526 prizes, for all kinds of Technical and Amateur Work, for men, women, boys, and girls. A copy of this Schedule can be had, free of charge, from Mr. Wm. Broomhall, General Secretary, 49, Bedford-street, Strand, W.C.

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

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PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

A CANDID OPINION.

YOUTH in the London lodging-house! Youth quite poor—youth ambitious—youth with a possible future—youth meditating great things! Walk along the streets of Lodging-land—there are miles of such streets—and consider with trembling that the dingy houses contain thousands of young people—boys and girls—who have come to the city of golden pavements to make—not a fortune, unless that happens as well—but their name. In the long struggle before the lowest rung of the ladder is reached they endure hardness, but they complain not. Everything is going to be made up to them in the splendid time to come.

Something more than a year ago two such young people came up from the country, and found shelter in a London lodging-house, where they could work and study until success should arrive. They were boy and girl, brother and sister—twins. They had little poets of the day. If they have got no message to deliver, they can at least come on the stage and repeat over again the old things clad in dress revived. We can keep on dressing up in the poet's habit until the poet himself shall come along.

Effie worked on, sitting at the window. Poets can work anywhere, though, of course, they ought to sit habitually on the sides of hills, with hanging woods and mountain-streams and waterfalls. But they can work just as well in a mean London lodging, such as this where Effie sat, looking out, if she looked through the curtain, upon a most commonplace street. We can all—common spirits as well as poets—rise above our streets and houses and our dingy setting—otherwise there would be no work done at all. Nay, if we were all cockered up, and daintily surrounded with things æsthetic and artistic and beautiful, I believe we should be so happy that nobody would ever do anything. The poet would murmur his thoughts in indolent rhyme by the fireside: the musician would drop his fingers among the notes, echoing faintly and imperfectly the music in his soul—all for his own enjoyment: the story-teller would tell his stories to his wife: the dramatist would make plots without words for his children to act: the painter would half sketch his visions and leave them unfinished. Art would die.

No such temptations were offered to Effie. The æsthetic movement had not touched that ground-floor front. The shaky round table stood under the flaring gas which every night made her head ache: the chiffonier contained in its recesses the tea and sugar and bread and butter, and, when the money ran to such luxuries, her jam or her honey or her oranges. There was one easy-chair and one arm-chair; and before the window a small square table, which had, at least, the merit of being firm; and at this she wrote. Everybody knows this kind of room perfectly.

The poetic workshop is always kept locked. No poet ever tells of the terrific struggles he has to encounter before he finally subdues his thought and compels it to walk or run in double harness of rhythm and rhyme. No poet ever confesses how he sometimes has to let that thought go because he cannot subdue it—nay, the same discomfiture has been reported of those who, like M. Jourdain, speak in prose. And no poet ever shows, as a painter will readily show us, the first sketch, the first rough draft of a poem, the unfinished lines, the first feeble attempts at the rhythmic expression of a great thought. Let us respect the mystery of the craft—have we not all dabbled in verse and essayed to play upon the scrannel-pipe?

It was towards noon, however, that Effie was disturbed by the arrival of a visitor. The event was so unusual—so unprecedented even—that no instructions had ever been given to the lodging-house servant in the art of introducing callers. She therefore opened the door, and put in her head—"A gentleman, Miss"—and went downstairs, leaving the gentleman to walk in if he pleased.

"You, Mr. Feilding?" Effie cried, springing to her feet. "Oh! This is indeed"——

The great man took her hand. "My dear child," he said, "I have been thinking over our conversation of the other day. I am, of course, only anxious to be of service to you and to your brother, and so I thought I would call." He was quite magnificent in his fur-lined coat, and he was very tall and big, so that he seemed to fill up the whole room. But he had an unusual air of hesitation.

"I thought," he repeated, "that I would call. Yes"——

The girl sat with her hands in her lap, waiting.

"You remember what I told you about—the—the verses which you sometimes bring me"——

"Oh! Yes. I remember. It is so kind of you, Mr. Feilding, so very kind and noble"—— For the moment the dazzling prospect of seeing her verses acknowledged as her own in place of seeing them adopted by the Editor made her believe that none but a truly noble person could do such a thing.

"I mean to begin even sooner than I had intended. It is true that when I took your verses I made them my own by those little touches and corrections which, as you know very well, distinguish true poetry from its imitation"— It was not until he was gone that Effie remembered that not a single alteration had ever been made. So great is the power of the human voice that for a moment she listened and acquiesced, subdued and ashamed of herself—"At last, my young friend, the time of alteration and improvement is past. You can now stand alone—your verses signed—if, of course, we remain, as I hope, on the same friendly relations."

"Oh!" she murmured.

"Enough. We understand each other. Your brother, you told me, is at work on a play—a romantic drama."

"Yes. He has finished it. He has been at work upon it for two years, thinking of nothing else all day."

Mr. Feilding nodded approval.

"That is the way," he said heartily, "to produce

"Archie, I know—I know; he has told me. Oh! Archie—do you think it is true?"

[Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

very little money, and could afford no more than one sitting-room. Therefore, one worked in the sitting-room and the other in a bed-room, because their occupations demanded solitude. The one in the sitting-room was the girl. She was engaged in the pursuit of poetry: she made verses continually every day. Unless she was reading verse, she was either making, or polishing, or devising verses. Of all pursuits in the world this is at once the most absorbing and the most delightful. It is also, with the greater part of these who follow it, the most useless. Thomas the Rhymer sits down and takes his pen: it is nine of the clock. He considers: he writes: he scratches out: he writes again: he corrects again: after ten minutes or so, he looks up. It is three in the afternoon: the luncheon hour is passed: the morning is gone: all he has to show for the six golden hours, when an account of them is demanded, will be a single stanza of a ballade. And perhaps not a single editor will look at it. To Effie Wilmot, the girl-twin, thus engaged morning after morning, the hours become moments and the days minutes. The result and outcome of her labours you have already learned. But she was young, and she lived in hope. A few more weeks, and the great man, her patron, would have satisfied that whim of wishing to be thought a poet of society. Strange that one who painted pictures of such wonderful beauty, who wrote such charming stories in such endless variety—stories quaint and bizarre, stories pathetic, stories humorous—should so condescend! What could a few simple verses—such as hers—do to increase his fame? However, that was nearly over. She felt quite happy and light-hearted: as happy as if, like other poets, she was writing things that would appear with her own name: she pursued the light and airy fancies of her brain, capturing one or two, chaining them in the prison of her rhymes, which, of course, were set to the old-new tunes affected by the good work. Perfect—absolute—devotion—regardless of any earthly consideration. Art—Art—before all else. And now it is done?"

"Yes; he is copying it out."

"Effie"—he suddenly changed the subject—"you have never told me of your resources. Tell me! I do not ask out of idle curiosity. That you are not rich I know"——

"No, we are not rich. We have a little—a thousand pounds apiece—and we have resolved to live on that, and on what we can get besides, until we have made our way. We have no rich relations to help us. My father is a country clergyman with a small living. We came to town so that Archie could get treatment for his hip. He is better now, and we shall stay altogether if we can only hold on."

"A thousand pounds each. That is seventy pounds a year, I suppose?"

"Yes. But during the last twelve months you have given me a hundred pounds for my verses—three pounds for every poem, and there were thirty-three altogether in the volume—'Voices and Echoes,' you know."

The poet who had published these verses did not change colour or show any sign of emotion in the presence of the poet who had written them. He nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "on a hundred and seventy pounds a year you can live—on seventy you would starve. Where is your brother?"

"He works in his bed-room. It is the room behind, on the same floor. My room is upstairs."

"He requires, I suppose, good food, wine, and certain luxuries?"

"When we can afford them. Since you took my verses we have been able to buy things."

"Your money is well expended. I should like to see your brother, Effie."

"I will take you to him," she said. But she hesitated and blushed. "Oh! Mr. Feilding, Archie knows nothing about the—the volumes, you know. He sees only the verses in the paper. And he only knows that you have been so kind as to take them. Don't tell him anything else."

"Your secret, Effie," he replied generously, "is safe with me. He shall not know it from my lips."

She thanked him. Again, it was not until he was gone that Effie remembered that he could not possibly reveal that fact to her brother.

She led him into the room, at the back of which was her brother's study and bed-room as well, for a slight manly growth upon the upper lip, and for the pale cheek of ill-health. The same large forehead overhanging the face, eyes sunken but as bright as his sister's, the same sensitive lips were his. A little less than his sister's, and stronger, but not so sweet. He was in his chair a pair of crutches proclaimed that he was a cripple. Before him was a table, besides his writing materials, a number of little dolls, some of which were arranged in groups, while others were lying about unused. He was copying his finished play. As he copied it he played the scenes with the dolls, and spoke the dialogue. The dolls were his characters: there was not a single scene or change of scene during which this conscientious young dramatist failed to rehearsed over and over again, until every line of the dialogue had its own stage picture, clear and distinct in his mind.

"You are Mr. Feilding?" he asked, rising with some difficulty. "I have heard so much of you from Effie. It is a great honour to have a call from you."

"I take a deep interest," the great man replied, "in anything that concerns Miss Effie Wilmot. I have been able—I believe you know—to render her some assistance and advice in her work." Oh! he waved his hand to deprecate any expression of gratitude—"I have done very little—very little indeed. Now, about yourself. I learn from your sister that you have ambitions—you would become a dramatist?"

"I have no other ambition. It is my only dream."

"A very good dream, indeed. And you have made, I am told, a start—a maiden effort—a preliminary flight to try your wings. You have written your first attempt at a play?"

"Yes. It is here. It is finished."

"Tell me, briefly, the plot."

Some young dramatists mar their plot in getting it out. This young man had taken the trouble to write out first a rough outline of his piece, and then a complete scenario with every situation and speech. These he read to his visitor one after the other.

"Yes," said Mr. Feilding, when he had finished, "there is something in the idea of the play, Farlow. It is not a completely novel motif. A good deal might be said as to the arrangement of the scenes. And one or two of the characters might—but these are details. Remains to find out how the dialogue goes. Will you read me a scene or two?"

The dramatist reads. As he read he might have observed in the eyes of his listener a growing weariness, as of one who vehemently yearned to escape the possession of something—his neighbour's pet lamb, for example, or his solitary ewe lamb. But the reader did not observe this. He was wholly wrapped in his piece: he threw his soul into the reading: he was anxious only that his words and his situations should produce the best effect upon his hearer.

"Yes, yes; your dialogue, unhappily, shows the want of skill common to the beginner. It will have to be completely rewritten. As it stands now, Farlow, it would be simply killed by it, in spite of the situations, which, with some alterations, are really very good—pretty good for a first effort. But the dialogue—"

"You don't think, then—that"——the dramatist's voice broke down. Consider: for two long years he had done nothing but cast, recast, write, and rewrite this play. He had dreamed all this time of success with this play. And now—now—the very first critic who had that the most accomplished man of the day, better than Mr. Alec Feilding—told him that the piece would not be received unless the dialogue was entirely rewritten. He *could* not rewrite the dialogue. It was a part of himself. As well set to work to remake his own face or to reconstruct some limb. His face fell: his cheeks grew pale: his eyes filled with unmanly tears.

"I am truly sorry, believe me," said the critic, "to throw cold water on your hopes. I have been once an aspirant. Yet"—he hesitated in his kindness—"why encourage illusive expectations? The piece—as it is—I say, as it is only—must be pronounced hopelessly unfit for the stage. No manager would think of it for a moment."

"Then I may as well throw it on the fire! And all my work wasted!"

"Nay—not wasted. Good work—true work—is never wasted. You ought to have learned much—from this two years' labour. And—you will be better way than—than putting it into the fire"—he laughed feebly—"I believe I can show you a better way than that. Come here, Archie—I call you by your Christian name because I have so often talked about you. You are my friends—I should be really sorry to hear that you had actually lost all your time. Give me this play: I will take it—skeleton, scenario, dialogue—all. Let me see what is—the mere rough, crude, shapeless things that they I will buy it of you—useless as it is. I will buy it for fifty pounds down for it, and it shall become my property—my own, absolutely. I shall then, at my leisure, recast and rewrite the play from beginning to end. When I have made a play out of it worth putting on the stage—when, in short, I have made a good play—I may possibly bring it out myself, or I may not likely, however, not. There's a chance for you, Archie, such as you will never get chance for first pounds down—think of that! Fifty pounds, my boy!

The dramatist laid his hand, for reply, upon the papers.

"If it should ever be brought out," the great Samaritan went on, "you will come and see me sometimes. What a splendid lesson it will be for you in the art of writing drama!"

The dramatist's fingers tightened on his manuscript.

"Of course you must consider your success. The considerate critic continued. "She has been so good as to attract the interest of—of—some people. Should that interest be wholly without influence. Should that influence, or be withdrawn you might have—both of you—to suffer much privation. The luxuries which you enjoy would be impossible—and"——

"Oh, you kill me!" cried the unfortunate youth.

"Shall I leave you for the present? My door is always open—on the condition of secrecy. I am bound to keep business transactions sacred. Think it over carefully and send me an answer."

He went out and shut the door. The young dramatist, I am ashamed to say, fell to tears—weeping over the destruction of his hopes.

"Effie," said Mr. Feilding, "I have talked with your brother. He has read some of the play to you."

"And you think?" she asked him eagerly.

He shook his head mournfully. "The boy has much to learn—very much. Meantime, the play itself is worthless—quite worthless."

"Oh! Poor boy!" And he has built so much upon it.

"Yes—they all do at the outset. Mind, Effie, he is a clever boy: he will do. Meantime, he must work."

"Oh! Poor Archie! Poor boy!"

"It seems hard, doesn't it, not to succeed all at once? Yet Browning and Tennyson and Thackeray all went on for forty before they succeeded. Why should he despair?" Meantime, I have made him a little offer."

"Oh! Mr. Feilding, you are always so good."

"I dare say I am. I have offered to give him fifty pounds—down—and to take this rough unlicked thing he calls a play. If I find time I shall, perhaps, rewrite the whole, and put it on the stage. It will, then, of course, be my own—my own, Effie. Good-bye, child, I have not forgotten our talk—or my promise—and we remain on friendly relations."

He went away. Effie sank into a chair. What she had done with her own work had never seemed to her half so terrible as what was now proposed to be done with her brother's work.

Then she crept into his room. He sat with his head in his hands, most mournful of bards since the world began.

"Archie, I know—I know; he has told me. Oh! Archie—do you think it is true?"

"He says so, Effie. He says it is worthless."

"That is to please you—for your sake. The thing is worthless—no manager would look at it."

"Yes—fifty pounds! Why should Mr. Feilding give fifty pounds—a whole fifty pounds—for a worthless play? Archie, don't do it—don't let him have it! Archie, let us wait a little—we will ask somebody else. Oh! I could tell you something. Wait—tell him, if you must say something, that you will think it over."

When Effie turned over the pages of the next number of *The Muses Nine*, she found, first of all, her own verses in the Editor's column, with his name at the bottom. This sight, which had formerly made her heart bound, now filled her with shame. The solemn promises of the future failed to awaken in her any glow of hope. For the very words with which the only editor had beguiled her of her verses—that they were worthless, and must be rewritten—had never been said to her brother. And as her brother had never been rewritten, so would Archie's play, be presented without a single alteration, with the name of Mr. Alec Feilding as author. And, lastly, that week she took no verses to the editor.

Then a certain paragraph in the same columns headed by this suspicious young woman brought her nothing short of rage—into her heart. No! not for herself, as well as herself! It ran thus:

"We have always been under the impression that the world of good plays is due to nothing else in the world than the fact that the good men who ought to write them all run off into the domain of fiction. It is a pleasant country—that of Fable Land. I have been there, and I hope to go there again and make a long stay. But Play Land—that is also a pleasant country. I have been there lately, and I hope to demonstrate that a good play may still be produced in the English tongue—a good and original play. In short, I have written a romantic drama, which all I can say at present is that it lies finished, in my fireproof safe, and that a certain actor-manager will probably play the title-rôle before many moons have waned and waned."

"No," said Effie, crumpling up the paper. "You have not got Archie's romantic drama yet."

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

ALL ABOUT MYSELF.

"You have kept this promise, then." Armorel welcomed her old friend with eyes of kindness and lips of smiles. "Do you ever think of the promise if you are only broke? Effie, dear"—this young lady was the only other occupant of the room—"this is Mr. Richard Lee—my first friend and my first master. Of which I have told you. We have memories of our own such as make the old friendships impossible to be dissolved—whatever happens. Roland, now put a pencil into my hand and taught me how to use it. In return, I used to play old-fashioned tunes in the evening. And you first put thoughts into my head. Before you came my head was filled with phantoms, which had neither voice nor shape. What am I to do now in return for such a gift?"

She gave him both her hands, and her face was glowing, her eyes so soft yet serious and her voice so full of tenderness—that the luckless painter stood confused and overwhelmed. How had he deserved such a reception?

"Last night, last evening," she went on, "we are going to have nobody but myself, and about nothing but my own affairs. Effie, you will be horribly bored. For five years since I had such a chance. Because, I could not talk to me about old times if you would, and would talk to me about old times if you could, though, you have the best will in the world. You did not know me when I lived on Samson in the Scilly Islands—and Roland did. That is, if he still remembers Samson."

"I remember every day on Samson: every blade of grass on the island: every boulder and every cliff."

"And every talk we had in those days?—all the things you told me?"

"I remember, as well, a girl who has so changed, has grown so much the better. Then we can talk just as we used to do. But I thought you would somehow remember the girl, Roland." She looked up again, blushed, as if she hesitated, and went on slowly: "Lest I was afraid, this morning, that you might have forgotten one of the two who wandered about the island together."

"I could never forget you, Armorel."

He made no other—Roland."

He made no reply. In his evening dress—which was out of creases, as if it had not been put on for a very long time—he looked a little less forlorn than in the shabby old brown-velvet jacket; he had trimmed his hair—nay, he had even had it cut and combed: his eyes were melancholy: his bearing was still diffident: he spoke with hesitation: he was even shy, like a schoolboy. And she observed, besides, not only that the coat was creased, but that his shirt was frayed at the cuffs and torn in the front. In fact, the young man, in dropping out of society, had, as a natural consequence, neglected his wardrobe, and allowed his linen to run to seed unrebuked. Every man who has been a bachelor—most of us have—remembers how shirts behave when the eye of the master is once taken off them.

He was shy because the atmosphere of the drawing-room, so dainty, so luxurious, so womanly, was strange to him. Three years and more had passed since he had been in such a room. He was also shy because this splendid creature, this girl dressed in silk and lovely lace, this miracle of girls, called herself Armorel, his once simple rustic maid of Samson Isle. Further, he was ashamed because this girl remembered him as he was in the good old days, when his face was turned to the summit of the mountain, and his feet were on the upward slope.

Armorel had placed on the table a portfolio full of drawings.

"Now for myself," she said gaily. "Roland, you are an artist. You must look at my drawings. Here are the best I have done. I have had many masters since you, but none that taught me so much in so short a time. Do you remember when you first found out that I could hold a pencil? You were very patient then, Master. Be lenient now."

"I had a very apt pupil," he began, turning over the drawings. "These need no leniency. These are very good indeed. You have had other and better masters."

"I have had other masters, it is true. I have done my best, Roland—to grow."

He dropped his eyes. But he continued to turn over the sketches. The drawings showed, at least, that natural aptitude which may be genius and may be that imitation of genius which is difficult to distinguish from the real gift. Many painters with no more natural aptitude than Armorel have risen to be Royal Academicians.

"But these are very good indeed," Roland repeated, with emphasis. "You have, indeed, worked well, and you have the true feeling."

"Do you remember, Roland, that day when we talked about the Perfect Woman? No, I see by your eyes that you have forgotten. But I remember. I will not tell you all. One thing she had done: she had trained her eye and her hand. She knew what was good in Art, and was not carried away by any follies or fashions. I did not understand then what you meant by follies and fashions. But I am wiser now. I have been training eye and hand. I think I know a good picture, or a good statue, or a good work in any Art. Do not think me conceited, Master. I have been obedient to your instructions—that is all."

"You have the soul of an artist, Armorel," said her Master. "But yet—I fear—I think—you have missed the supreme gift. You are not a great artist."

"No, I can grow no higher in painting. I have learned my own limitations. If it is only to understand and to worship the Great Masters, it is worth while to get so far. Are you satisfied with your pupil?"

For a moment the old look came back to Roland's eyes. "You are the best of pupils," he said. "But I might have expected so much. Tell me how you succeeded in getting away from Samson?"

She told him, briefly, how the Ancient Lady died, how she found the family treasure, and how she had resolved to go away and learn: how she found masters and guardians: how she lived in Florence, Dresden, Paris: how she worked unceasingly. "I remembered, always, Roland, your picture of the Perfect Woman."

"Could I—I—have told you things that have made you—what you are?" It seemed as if another man had given the girl this excellent advice. Not himself—quite another man.

"Effie, dear," Armorel turned to her, "you do not understand. I must tell you. Five years ago, when I lived on Samson, a girl so ignorant that it makes me tremble to think what might have happened—there came to the island a young gentleman who was so kind as to take this ignorant girl—me—in hand, and to fill her empty head with all kinds of great and noble thoughts. He was an artist by profession. Oh! an artist filled with ardour and with ambition. He would be satisfied with nothing short of the best: he taught me that none of us ought to be satisfied till we have attained our full stature, and grown as tall as we possibly can. It made that ignorant girl's heart glow only to hear him talk, because she had never heard such talk before. Then he left her, and came back no more. But presently the chance came to this girl, as you have heard, and she was able to leave the island and go where she could find masters and teachers. It is five years ago. And always, every day, Roland"—her lip quivered—"I have said to myself, 'My first master is growing taller—taller—taller—every day—I must grow as tall as I can, or else when I meet him again I shall be too insignificant for him to notice.' Always I have thought how I should meet him again. So tall, so great, so wonderful!"

Effie remarked that while Armorel addressed Roland she did not look at him until the last words, when she turned and faced him with eyes running over. The man's head dropped: his fingers played with the drawings: he made no reply.

"In the evening," Armorel went on, "we used to have music. I played only the old-fashioned tunes then that Justinian Treyeth taught me—do you remember the tunes, Roland? I will play one for you again." She took a violin out of the case and began to tune the strings. "This is my old fiddle. It has been Justinian's—and his father's before him. I have had other instruments since then, but I love the old fiddle best." She drew her bow across the strings. "I can play much better now, Roland. And I have much better music: but I will play only the old tunes, because I want you to remember quite clearly those two who walked and talked and sailed together. It is so easy for you to forget that young man. But I remember him very well indeed." She drew the bow across the strings again. "Now we are in the old room, while the old people are sitting round the fire. Effie, dear, put the shade over the lamp and turn it low—so. Now we are all sitting in the firelight, just as it used to be on Samson—see the red light dancing about the walls. It fills your eyes and makes them glow, Roland. Oh! we are back again. What are you thinking of, artist, while the music falls upon your ears?—while I play—what shall I play? 'Dissembling Love,' which others call 'The Lost Heart'?" She played it with the old spirit, but far more than the old delicacy and feeling. "You remember that, Roland? Do you hear the lapping of the waves in Porth Bay and the breakers over Shark Point? Or is it too rustic a ditty? I will play you something better, but still the old tunes." She played first "Prince Rupert's March," and then "The Sarabband"—great and lofty airs to one who can play them greatly. While she played Effie watched. In Armorel's eyes she read a purpose. This was no mere play. The man she called her master listened, sitting at the table, the sketches spread out before him, ill at ease, and as one in a troubled dream.

"Do you see him again, that young man?" Armorel asked. "It makes one happy only to think of such a young man. He knew the dangers before him. 'The Way of Wealth,' he said once, 'and the Way of Pleasure draw men as if with ropes.' But he was so strong and steadfast. Nothing would turn him from his way. Not Pleasure, not Wealth, not anything mean or low. There was never any young man so noble. Oh! Do you remember him, Roland? Tell me—tell me—do you remember him?"

Over the pictures on the table he bowed his head. But he made no reply. Then Effie, watching the glittering tears in Armorel's eyes and the bowed head of the man, stole softly out of the room and closed the door.

Armorel put down her fiddle. She drew nearer to the man. His head sank lower. She stood over him, tall and queenly, as the Muse stood over Alfred de Musset. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"That old spirit is not dead, but sleeping, Roland. You have not driven it forth. It is your own still. You have only silenced its voice for awhile. You think that you have killed it; but you remember it still. Thank God! it has been only sleeping. If it were dead you would not remember. Let it wake again. Oh! Roland—let it wake again—again. Oh! Roland—Roland—my friend and Master"—— She could say no more.

The man raised his head. It is a shameful and a terrible thing to see the face of a man who is disgraced and conscious of his shame. Perhaps it is worse to see the face of a man who is disgraced and is unconscious of his shame. He looked round, and saw the tears in the girl's eyes and the quivering of her lips.

"The man you remember," he said hoarsely, "is dead and buried. He died three years ago and more. Another man—a poor and mean creature—walks about in his shape. He is unworthy to be in your presence. Suffer him to go, and think of him no longer!"

"Not another man, because you remember the former. Roland, come back, my old friend; come back!"

"It is too late." But he wavered.

"It is never too late. Oh! I wonder—was it the Way of Pleasure or was it the Way of Wealth?"

"Do I look," he asked bitterly, "as if it was the Way of Pleasure?"

"It is not too late, Roland. You have sinned against yourself. If it were too late you would be happy after the kind of those who can live in sin and be happy. Since you are not happy, it is not too late. The doors of heaven stand open night and day for all."

"You talk the old language, Armorel."

"It is the language of my soul. I will say the same thing in any tongue you please, so that you understand me."

"To go back—to begin all over again—to go on as if the last three years had never been"——

"Yes—yes—as if they had never been! That is best. As if they had never been."

"Armorel, do you know," he asked her quickly—"do you know the thing—the Awful Thing—that I have done?"

"Do not tell me. Never tell me."

"Someday, I think I must. What shall I say, now?"

"Say that your footsteps are turned in the old way, Roland."

He pushed back the chair and stood up. Now, if they had been measured, he would have proved four inches and a half taller than the girl, for he was half an inch short of six feet, and she was exactly five feet seven. Yet, as they stood face to face, it seemed to him—and to her as well—as if he towered over him by as many inches as separate the tallest woman from the smallest man. Nature thus accommodates herself to the mental condition of the moment.

The small man, however, did a very strange thing. He drew forth a pocket-book and took from it what Armorel perceived to be a cheque. This he deliberately tore across twice, and threw the fragments into the fire.

"You do not understand this act, Armorel. It is the turning of the footstep."

She took his hand and pressed it. "I pray," she said, "that the way may prove less thorny than you think!"

Nature, again accommodating herself, caused the small, mean man to grow suddenly several inches. There was still a goodly difference between the two, but it was lessened. More than that, the man continued to grow; and his face was brighter, and his eyes less haggard.

"I will go now, Armorel," he said.

"You will come again—soon?"

"Not yet. I will come again, when the shame of the present belongs to the past."

"No. You shall come often. But of past or present we will speak no more. Tell me, in your own good time, Roland, how you fare. But do not desert your old pupil. Come to see me often."

He bowed his head and went away.

"Effie," said Armorel, "I cannot tell you what all this means."

"It means a man who has fallen," said the girl, wise with poetic instinct. "Anyone could see failure and shame written on his face. It ought to be a noble face, but something has gone out of it. You knew him long ago—when he was different—and you tried to bring him to his old self. Oh! Armorel—you are wonderful—you were his better spirit—you were his muse—calling him back."

She laid her hand in Armorel's. They stood together in silence. Then Armorel spoke.

"I feared it was quite another man—a new man—a stranger that I had found. But it was not. It was the same man, after all."

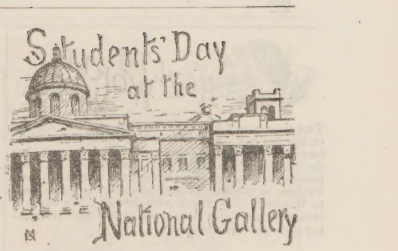
Effie stooped and picked up a fragment of paper lying on the hearth. "Mr. Feilding's signature," she said, unthinking. At times, when one is moved, trifles sometimes seem to acquire importance.

"That? It is part of a cheque which he tore up. Effie, dear—it was good of you to go away and leave us when you did. Perhaps he would not have spoken so freely if you had been here. Oh! he is the same man, after all. He has come back to me. Effie, tell me; but you know no more than I. If you once loved a man, and if you suffered the thought of him to lie in your heart for years, and if you filled him with all the virtues that there are, and if he grew in your heart to be a knight perfect at all points"——

"Well, Armorel?" For she stopped, and Effie took her hand.

"Oh! Effie," she replied, with glowing cheeks, "could you ever afterwards love another man? Could you ever cease to love that man of your imagination? Could any meaner man content you? For my part—never!—never!—never!"

(To be continued.)



HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice came to London on the 3rd inst., and paid a visit to the Royal Military Exhibition at Chelsea. Her Majesty was conducted through the galleries, and expressed great interest in what she had witnessed. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught accompanied the Queen back to Windsor. The Royal visit has had the effect of increasing the daily attendance at this most interesting national exhibition.

Her Majesty held an investiture at Windsor Castle on Monday. The Duke of Connaught was presented with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, and several gentlemen received the honour of Knighthood.

The Queen stays at Windsor until about July 15, when the Court removes to Osborne until the end of August.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, performed the ceremony of opening Vauxhall Park, at Lambeth, last Monday afternoon, for the use of the public for ever. In connection with this park, his Royal Highness met a deputation of the working-men of Lambeth at Lambeth Palace last year, and gave a great incentive to the praiseworthy movement for its purchase. A *P.I.P.* Artist sketched the park and the opening (see page 26). The Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Louise were present in their capacity as president and vice-president respectively of the Kyrle Society, to whose exertions in the main the neighbourhood owes the park.

The funeral of the late Earl of Carnarvon took place on the 3rd inst. in the little cemetery near Highclere Castle. There was a very large and distinguished assemblage present, including the Prime Minister, and the Queen and Prince of Wales were represented. The Freemasons and the tenantry on his Lordship's estates sent deputations. A commemorative funeral service was held in the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

Mr. Ernest Benzon was on the 3rd examined in his bankruptcy before Mr. Registrar Giffard. He said that when he attained his majority, in April, 1887, he inherited £250,000, of which he had uncontrolled possession. Out of this he paid debts amounting to £70,000, incurred during his minority, and the remainder he had got rid of by November 1888, chiefly in racing and betting, in cards, and in pigeon-shooting. He was now dependent upon a sum invested in the names of trustees, who allowed him £7 a week.

M. Waddington, the urbane and English-looking French Ambassador, very pleasantly opened the French Fête, in aid of the new French Hospital in Shaftesbury-avenue, at the French Exhibition in London, last Saturday. His Excellency has a prepossessing style of speaking, reminding one very much of the manner of the Prince of Wales, who is the pink of courtesy on such occasions. M. Waddington, acknowledging the address of welcome, made a cordial speech in French, emphasising each point by an impressive nod, just as the Prince does. Very cold and damp was the weather for July. But the superb band of the Republican Guard (which came from Paris expressly to play for the occasion); the similarly excellent band M. Jacobi brought from the Alhambra, to delight everyone in the Louvre Theatre; and the winsome lady flower-sellers laboured hard to counteract the adverse atmospheric influences, which have been sadly felt at the French Exhibition.

A conversazione was held at South Kensington Museum, on the 2nd inst., to celebrate the Jubilee of the Penny Post. An exhibition had been arranged of the appliances connected with every branch of the postal and telegraphic systems, besides illustrations of the Post-Office work a hundred years ago. The usual mail coaches for Brighton and places in the home counties were dispatched from the grounds of the Museum. Several concerts were given during the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were the principal guests of the Postmaster-General and the officials of the Department, and there was a large attendance of the general public.

The polling at Barrow on the 2nd inst. resulted in the election of Mr. J. A. Duncan (Gladstonian), who polled 1994 votes. Mr. Wainwright (Conservative) polling 1862, and Mr. Caine (Independent) 1280.

The Duke of Connaught presided last Saturday at a meeting at the Mansion House in support of the Gordon Boys Home. Having spoken of his personal regard for General Gordon, he said that nothing would have given the General greater pleasure than the existence of this Home, the objects of which were to bring up boys in habits of general sobriety and intelligence. Dr. Butler and the Lord Mayor also spoke.

The German Emperor left Christiania on Saturday afternoon, on board the ironclad Hohenzollern, which, escorted by the German squadron, steamed north, on a tour up the Norwegian coast. The Emperor met with a cordial reception at the capital. King Oscar has nominated the Emperor William an honorary Admiral of the Norwegian Navy.

The House of Commons has been in Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates. Mr. W. H. Smith said that he hoped the House would be able to pass the Tithe Bill. In the House of Lords, Lord Salisbury has laid on the table a Bill confirming the cession of Heligoland to Germany, and it was read the first time.

Charles G. Stowell and Lottie E. Anderson were married in an anchored balloon in Lowell, Mass., on July 4, the ceremony being witnessed by 10,000 persons. The clergyman, having tied the nuptial knot, left the happy couple in the balloon, the best man and bridesmaids also retiring to *terra firma*. The bridegroom, who is an accomplished balloonist, then "let go," and the air-ship sailed gracefully towards the skies, amid the cheers of the crowd, who were not unreasonably excited by the novelty of a honeymoon in mid-air.

Eyraud has, at last, confessed that he murdered M. Gouffé. This astounding criminal is sketched as he appears on the voyage from Havana (where he was arrested) to France. Paris was occupied with the examination of Eyraud last week. It is alleged to have complained, "Eh bien, oui! Yes, I am the man who killed Gouffé. Now, I pray, do let me alone!" In the presence of M. Goron and other two detectives who brought him from Havana, Eyraud closely pressed by M. Doppfer, confirmed the statements made by his mistress, Gabrielle Bompard, denied the existence of the "fair-haired man," supposed to have had a hand in the crime of the first floor where Gouffé met with his doom, Eyraud made a clean breast of it.

Tronson-Ducoudray, and admitted everything. The prisoner had a strong aversion to being taken to the rooms in the street near the church Saint-Lazare for what is called the "reconstitution of the crime." He had nocturnal visions of the body of the murdered man dangling by the cord from the nail in Gabrielle's *alcove d'amour*, and at times he jumped up from his prison-bed, with his eyes starting out of their sockets and big drops of perspiration standing on his brow, as if he had just had a visit from the ghost of his victim. Rather, therefore, than be taken to the terrible rooms on the first floor where Gouffé met with his doom, Eyraud made a clean breast of it.

Some discontent having been caused among the men of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards by additional parades having been ordered, the men did not obey orders on Sunday morning when the battalion paraded at half past eight at Wellington Barracks, but barricaded themselves in their quarters. After some time they were prevailed upon to come out, but as they were not in regular uniform the parade was not held. Some time later the battalion furnished the guards for duty in the West-End, and the remainder were confined to barracks for the day. In the evening the Duke of Cambridge held an inquiry into the matter at the War Office.

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The weather of Saturday last was altogether too much for the promoters of the

Royal Athletic Meeting

that was to have been held at the Paddington Recreation Grounds. This meeting was organised by the influential committee which has in hand the laudable project of purchasing the 21 acres comprising the ground, and consecrating them for ever to the public as a

Polytechnic

and Recreation Ground for North-West London. The chairman is Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P., and the influence was powerful enough to ensure the good services of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who, with his

Popular Wife

and his uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, was to have honoured the meeting with his presence. The anticipated success would have been fully realised, for every seat, from those at

A Guinea

to the humblest at half a crown, had been let for the occasion. The executive, however, naturally wanting the shillings of the populace as well, to say nothing of a bumper meeting, and a decision was come to at the latest moment possible to postpone the function until the following Wednesday, the Prince of Wales consenting to appear on that occasion.

The neighbourhood had signified its appreciation of the Royal visit with a display of bunting and other decorations, which of course suffered from the weather. The anxiety of the districts converging upon this ground to possess it for their amusement may be understood when it is explained that their united populations reach

Half a Million.

It is a pity that on such an occasion there should have been anything to mar the complete success of the celebration; but it is an open secret in the athletic world that all did not go as the proverbial marriage bell. Whether the support of a very large and important section of the athletic world was solicited, or, being solicited, was refused, I leave it for others to discover at their leisure; the fact which it remains to record is that the athletes whose names adorned the programme were a very long way removed from being fully representative of the amateur athletic strength of the country. It cannot be said that our future King can spare the time to attend an athletic meeting, so it is a pity that matters could not have been so arranged that the best athletic talent should be placed before him. As things are now, only a limited section of the athletic world is so much as interested. So far as the scheme itself is concerned, I sincerely hope that Lord Randolph Churchill's words, uttered at St. James's Hall on Jan. 10 last, may come true. Lord Randolph said, "£100,000 to the North-West of London, containing such districts as Marylebone, Paddington, and Kensington, is a good-sized site."

On the same day the London Athletic Club held a handicap—its summer meeting, according to the almanack. Of course the attendance suffered somewhat, but still several enthusiastic ladies were present, and made a not altogether unpicturesque appearance in their macintoshes. There was also

Faithful Band

of old athletes, who would not fail to support the old institution under much more unfavourable conditions than a wet afternoon.

The Hundred Yards Challenge Cup race brought out from his somewhat lengthy retirement E. H. Collier, the holder, and he just managed to retain the gold on the trophy by finishing a few inches from the tape. Green, the time, 10 4-5 sec., even allowing for a soft path, showing that the old flyer was not in

Best Form.

His reappearance may not be taken as an indication that he has come out again as a regular competitor, and he will not be seen at the championship to-day. Green had the poor satisfaction of again being second in the race for the 120-yards hurdle challenge cup, won in 4-5 sec. by C. W. Howard, the present champion, from a very slow time by A. R. M. Lawford. Pitman did not appear for this, or for the quarter-mile, nor for the hurdle-mile put in an appearance on the track. Another non-appearance was that of G. Shaw, the well-known man in the quarter-mile hurdle-race, an event rarely seen at an athletic meeting nowadays.

Great Things Had

been expected of Shaw at this distance; indeed, it was openly said that his presence in England instigated a fast race on the programme. The high jump was won by C. W. Howard, with 5ft. 5½ in.—a fine performance, considering the conditions.

The quarter-mile handicap saw the honorary secretary, S. K. Holman, once more on the path, and also another

Very old Stager,

J. D. Sadler; but the race went to one of the younger brigade, C. J. P. Shuter (7 yards start), who just beat F. C. Green on the tape, Green thus occupying second place three times during the afternoon.

In spite of the wretched weather the

Lawn-Tennis Championship

meeting at Wimbledon was stubbornly persevered with. The rain is scarcely conducive to the best play, for it is imperative that advantage should be taken of every opportunity for playing in a case of this kind, for which competitors coming from all parts. Dublin, Edinburgh, sent no fewer than five players, all of good, good ones; and, of course, these and other players from London could not be kept waiting about in London to have their turn to shine. Tradition says that the Irish and this tradition was well borne out when the two Irishmen, J. Pim and W. J. Hamilton, met, for they played on through the rain, and it was only with difficulty that one of them could be induced to accept a fresh dozen of balls in place of the sodden ones in use.

There was a

Splendid Entry

of thirty, the largest for years, and the best for quality known. There are more really good players in the country than ever before, and this state of things has every appearance of being improved upon. E. Renshaw scratched, to everyone's regret, but the other cracks provided some

Sensational Matches.

In the second round E. G. Meers created great excitement by winning two sets from E. W. Lewis; but H. S. Barlow fairly surpassed his feat of beating Hamilton at this meeting last year by defeating Lewis in the fourth round by three sets to one. This victory is the more remarkable, because Barlow has never before succeeded in winning a set from Lewis. Barlow won chiefly by his excellent volleying, and Lewis showed great want of judgment in not resorting to the "lob" more than he did. Many will think that this is

Not True Form,

in spite of all that may be said; but the victor's show in the final against Hamilton was convincing, so far as collateral evidence can convince. The threatening aspect of the heavens did not deter a large number of people from travelling to Wimbledon in anticipation of a good match, and they were

Not Disappointed.

Two sets-all, games-all is nearly as close as things can be brought in lawn-tennis, and this was the state of affairs in this instance. It was literally anybody's match, and spectators were in a high state of tension. Barlow, to the consternation of the English division, failed in the two vital games, putting the ball in the net and doing other weak things. The consequence was that his opponent won the set by seven games to five and match, thus winning the all-comers' prize at Wimbledon for the first time. Barlow was second to W. Renshaw last year.

The Lawn-Tennis Champion.

After many years of trying, Ireland has, at the fourteenth time of asking, won the championship, and no one can say that she has not thoroughly deserved it. Only twice in twelve years has the Irish championship been won by an Irishman, so England has a very large credit balance to be wiped off. The defeat of a Renshaw is always a sensation at lawn-tennis, but the victory of W. J. Hamilton on Monday was far from unanticipated. Good as W. Renshaw is, he does not obtain sufficient grass practice to give him a fair chance of coping with the many rising players of the day. He was in capital condition, and lasted even better than the winner; but his strokes lacked the vitality of old, and the volleying and the Renshaw "smash" were principally indulged in by his opponent on this occasion.

There was, as usual, a large crowd to witness the match, and the hopes of seeing a protracted contest were realised, for, after Renshaw had pulled the first set out of the fire, and had won two sets to one, his opponent won a couple of sets in succession, and so carried the championship to Dublin. Never before has such extraordinary activity been seen in a lawn-tennis court as that displayed by Hamilton, and it was this alone which saved him from defeat: at times it was literally impossible for Renshaw to place the ball out of his reach, though he struck the absolute line several times. Renshaw's best display was in the third set, after which he was unlucky with many strokes which just went out of court or hit the net.

The first was the most closely contested set, Renshaw winning it by eight games to six. Hamilton won the second by six games to two, and Renshaw the third by six games to three. The fourth and fifth sets Hamilton won by six games to one and six games to one. The match lasted about an hour and forty minutes.

My readers will, I am sure, excuse me for not saying much about

Recent Cricket.

The playing of the game is anything but a pleasure to anyone concerned in such weather, and, were it not for the arranged programme, players would be glad enough to await a drier season. The two important matches of the week—Oxford v. Cambridge and Gentlemen v. Players—ended as had been anticipated they would, but they were both very

Unsatisfactory as Displays.

What the fine Cambridge batting eleven, perhaps the best University eleven ever seen, would have done with the Oxford bowling on a fine wicket must for ever remain a matter for conjecture. All sorts of things, too, were possible of the Players under more favourable conditions, but possibilities were disposed of by the rain. A pleasing feature of last week was the double appearance of

F. R. Spofforth,

bowling for Derbyshire, which county may now look forward to creating a sensation or two before the season is ended. Yorkshire have had some

Narrow Escapes

when playing below their full strength, and at last they have been caught, Warwickshire beating them by eight wickets, mainly brought about by a fine not-out innings of 93 by Richards. BANSHEE.

For "Racing World" see page 30.

CEDED HELIGOLAND.

As it is a matter of public interest, we return to the Island of Heligoland, which Lord Salisbury has ceded to Germany on account of certain concessions Germany has granted to Great Britain in East Africa. Heligoland, a fragment of red sandstone cliff, with grass for a few cows and sheep on the top, a strand of white sandy beach under the cliff, and a detached sandbank, the Düne, about one mile distant, is situated twenty-three miles from the nearest point of the European mainland, and in a position too lonely for much intercourse with the other North Frisian Islands. Its native inhabitants, numbering barely two thousand, were less harassed than those of Sylt, Fohr, Amrum, and Nordstrand, along the Schleswig coast, by the conflicts between Denmark and the Duchies, at frequent intervals, from the twelfth to the seventeenth century; and they were never so intimately connected with the German people of Holstein as to share in the later movement of that nationality.

They have undoubtedly been well content with the mild British rule which has existed since 1807, when Heligoland was captured by our naval force, almost simultaneously with the capture of the Danish fleet, to prevent its being used against us by the French. In the season for summer visitors, which continues about ten weeks, Heligoland is a delightful place for sea-bathing and breathing the finest sea-air. Some Illustrations of the little town, with its neat wooden-fronted, brightly painted houses, railed balconies, and gabled roofs, and of the fishermen and their wives, sisters, or daughters, are furnished by the local photographer, G. Friederichs, and have been handed to us by Mr. F. F. Dillon Croker, a visitor to the island.

People Looking Forward to the Holidays, and considering what fresh woods and pastures new they shall visit, will find the Great Eastern Railway Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent" and "Walks in the Ardennes" (sixpence each) seasonable and trustworthy handbooks. Written by Mr. Percy Lindley, they are well illustrated, and they may be procured at 125, Fleet-street.

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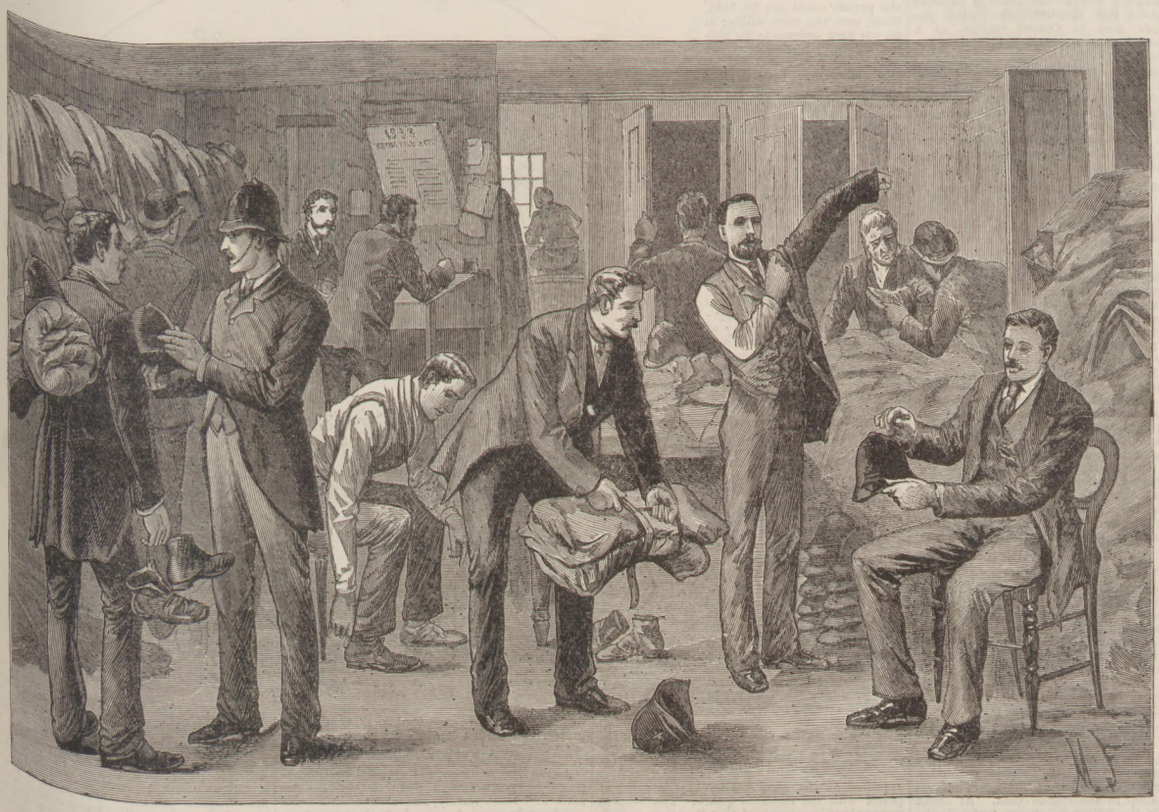
CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*—[ADVT.]

1. A Woman of Heligoland. 2. The Strand. 3. Upper and Lower Town. 4. A Street in the Town. 5. Heligoland in the Eighteenth Century, from an Old Print. 6. National Dance, "Slim mien Moderken."

SKETCHES IN HELIGOLAND.

LIFE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.



NO. I.—SERVING OUT UNIFORMS AT SCOTLAND YARD.

NO. II.—PENSION-DAY FOR RETIRED POLICEMEN AT SCOTLAND YARD.

THE POLICE RUMPUS.

THE discontent among the Metropolitan Police brought about a disgraceful scene of disorder in Bow-street last Monday night, when the Life Guards sent to Covent Garden as a Royal escort had to be employed to clear the thoroughfare.

Londoners are so deeply indebted to their trusty guardians in blue that it is to be hoped the Government will give prompt and due consideration to their appeals, and will be merciful in dealing with the unruly spirits. So much public attention has been drawn to the London Police that we this week commence a series of Illustrations of the life of a Metropolitan Policeman.

The Summary Dismissal of Forty Constables

is said to have been the origin of the deplorable demonstration. The constables, who had been outspoken in the advocacy of what they considered to be their rights, were taken before Sir Edward Bradford, the new Commissioner, at Bow-street in the afternoon, and on the name and number of each man being mentioned Sir Edward is reported to have addressed one and all in nearly the same terms. "You are liable," he said, "to be prosecuted for this refusal of yours to do duty when called upon. It is a very serious offence. You are not fit to be a policeman if you cannot think for yourself and act for yourself, instead of being led away by others. The only punishment for such an offence is instant dismissal. Right about face! March!" Constable after constable came out, and each exclaimed, as he descended the steps into the street, "Dismissed." One constable was introduced to the Commissioner with this preface, "This man has got a good character," to which Sir Edward said, "That has nothing to do with it. There is only one punishment for what he has been guilty of, and that is instant dismissal."

The Bow-Street Riot.

Seldom have Londoners seen so strange a sight as that presented in Bow-street last Monday night. Early in the evening a number of suspended and dismissed constables assembled in the thoroughfare, together with friends and sympathisers, and so effectually blocked the traffic that some visitors to the Italian Opera were absolutely unable to get to the playhouse, and ladies decked with lace and jewels might be seen tramping through the mud to Covent-Garden Theatre. Nearly 5000 persons were assembled.

The Disaffected Police.

The time for parading the men for night duty is ten o'clock. By a quarter to ten on Monday night there was a very strong muster of officers and constables in the station-yard. At about ten o'clock the officer in charge ordered the parade in the usual manner, but the command was not complied with, and many of the men loudly declared their intention of refusing to go on duty. A long discusssion then ensued between the men and their superiors, which finally terminated by the chief officer peremptorily shouting out, "I call upon you men to fall in. I order you to fall in, as I have a right to do. You will be held responsible for this." The order had, however, no effect, and then an extraordinary scene ensued. As it was evident that the parade could not be held, those men who were willing to go out were ordered to file into the building, while the others were to keep in the yard. A large number of men availed themselves of this opportunity of returning to their duty, satisfied with the protest made by the refusal to parade, but they met with a violent resistance from their more obstinate comrades. Each man as he walked into the barrack out of the yard was met with a perfect storm of hoots, opprobrious epithets, and cries of "Blackleg!"

The Mounted Police

in Bow-street were, meantime, pelted liberally with bags of flour; and before they had been on the scene half an hour Superintendent Fisher and many of his men had the appearance of being attired in white summer costume as they dashed about among the people. Police officers were attacked by the crowd, and in more than one case an inspector or constable had to defend himself with his truncheon. Mr. Howard, the Assistant Commissioner, in an ill-advised moment, left the steps of the station, whence he was directing operations, to address Superintendent Fisher, but before he could return he was seized by the crowd, and had to be rescued from violent hands by his subordinates, who rushed to his assistance. Repeatedly the police had to beat a retreat, and in one case at least a constable received serious injuries. From the windows of the section house two spittoons were thrown at Superintendent Fisher and another officer, both of whom narrowly escaped injury. The shouting, groaning, and hooting were so appalling that the authorities sent for the assistance of the military, and about half past ten two troops of

The 2nd Life Guards

appeared on the scene. They kept a constant patrol with the mounted police. The soldiers were so hastily summoned that they were unprovided with overcoats, and paraded the thoroughfare in the continued drizzle with no better protection than their cuirasses. Before the Life Guards appeared there was every sign of a riot, eggs and vegetables being hurled at the mounted constables, who appeared to have incurred the especial enmity of the mob. Had it not been for the appearance of the thirty cavalry men it at one time seemed as though the crowd, in which there were a great many rough characters, would have routed the mounted constables.

A Shop Wrecked.

As the time went on, the crowd, largely composed of policemen in plain clothes, became more and more unruly, and eventually a crisis was brought about by somebody throwing from a top window of a house in Bow-street a quantity of hot water over those beneath. Whether it came from that house or not, the shop of Mr. Graham, a baker, was selected by those who had been drenched by the water as the object of their revenge. In a very few minutes the shutters were torn down and the windows broken. As the Guards approached, the crowd scattered right and left, and several persons were knocked down. About 11.20 p.m. the mob began tearing down the iron gratings from off Messrs. Merryweather and Co.'s windows, and these they threw into the roadway at the mounted men. By 11.45 there was not a grating-shutter left on any of their half-score of windows. The mob broke the plate-glass in several windows, and also tore down wooden shutters and hoarding to get missiles to use against the police. Step by step, however, they were driven back, and the

Men of the E Division

who could be induced to go out on duty moved out to take up their beats in parties of ten and twenty. Evidently, however, not one half of the division turned out. In one of the many charges just at the entrance to the police-court a number of people were knocked down and two men were seriously injured by the horses treading on them. During a rush at the corner of the theatre another man was knocked down and hurt by the constables. Three persons were so seriously injured by the mounted men that they had to be taken in cabs to Charing-cross Hospital, where their wounds were dressed.

Shortly before midnight another detachment of the Life Guards entered Bow-street at a walking pace, followed by a strong body of mounted police. The military force was hailed with cheers, while the police were loudly groaned at and hooted. The rain, which continued to pour incessantly, evidently had some effect upon the mob, which began to disperse shortly after midnight.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

LIFE OF THE LONDON POLICE.

We start a series of apropos Drawings of the life of a London Policeman. The studies were made at the Headquarters of the Metropolitan Police at Great Scotland-yard. In one of the amusing Gilbert-Sullivan operas—"The Pirates of Penzance"—the chorus of Peelers used to sing "The Policeman's lot is not a happy one." We believe it. They do their duty, as a rule, so staunchly in the most inclement weather, and in the face of the perils of the burglary season, that they command the esteem of the public. The Force, as a body, we feel persuaded, will not forfeit that esteem. We shall have room next week to supply a few particulars of the way our little Army of Police is managed. Now we have only space to add that the clothing supplied to sergeants and constables consists of one greatcoat, for three years' wear; one tunic, for a year; one pair of dress trousers and one pair of undress, for a year also; a helmet, for eighteen months; a pair of boots, for six months; a waterproof glazed cape, to last two years; and a fatigue dress, renewed in three years, for fire-brigade practice. The mounted Police have cleaks and overalls. Every member of the Force subscribes two and a half per cent. of his pay to the Superannuation Fund, which, with the sums added by the Government, provides him with the means of living in retirement after he has served a certain number of years. It is Pension Day at Scotland-yard which is illustrated in our second Engraving.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Paris Fashions,

as charmingly delineated in the *Lady's Pictorial*, still hold their sway over feminine minds on this side the English Channel. There's such chic in the Parisian style! Look at these figures of "Mars," reproduced from the *Lady's Pictorial*, by permission, and representing a couple of the captivating new costumes seen at the Paris Hippodrome at the first performance of the equestrian version of "Jeanne d'Arc." The lady labelled *a* wears a loose pansy-purple blouse, embroidered with white daisies; an open jacket in white wool, with revers in pansy-purple, trimmed with knots and zigzags in silver-braid. A mauve peau de soie petticoat, pale-grey stockings, and an old-fashioned jockey-cap in white straw completed this original costume. Now for figure *b*! She wears a small bonnet in white gauze, with black spots, black-velvet strings and trimmings, and white taraxacons on the top; and a dress of pale-grey woollen batiste, trimmed with transparent black-plissé silk, grey-silk volants, épaulettes, &c., black-velvet sleeves and ornaments, and white gloves. I shall have another budget of Paris fashions to open next week.

There are few people who work harder in their way than some of

The Queen's Daughters.

Nearly every week during the season one or other of them either lays a first stone of some hospital, or opens a bazaar or an institution, or presides at a charitable meeting.

Princess Christian

was at a meeting last week, called together for a very good purpose—namely, the establishment of a "Convalescent Home and Holiday Home" for trained nurses, at Brighton. One of the most practical and sensible speeches was made by a woman,

Miss A. Kenealy.

Nurses, she said, in the majority of our great hospitals work, on an average, fourteen hours a day. That is far too long, in my opinion; and what do you think some of them do by way of recreation on rainy nights? They take a ride round the Inner Circle of the Underground Railway! Can anything more miserable in the way of a

Treat or a Pastime

be imagined? Miss Kenealy said they were not

Illustrated is the station for Bisley Common. It is a little beyond Woking. A tramway goes from Brookwood Station to the Camp of the N.R.A., which has an exceedingly healthy situation. The picturesqueness of the "New Wimbledon," is indicated by a P.I.P. Artist on the next page.

MAP OF THE "NEW WIMBLEDON" CAMP ON BISLEY COMMON, NEAR WOKING.

without sympathy, but that what they wanted was shelter, to enable them to found this institution. It is really imperative that nurses should have a place where they can secure change of scene—quite as important a matter as that of air—and

Complete Rest,

both of mind and body, and I hope those who are working for it will succeed in getting enough money to establish this holiday house. I am sure the P.I.P. has many subscribers in the fine town of

Southampton,

and, as I am on the subject of homes and institutions, I should like to ask if any of you readers know anything about a most interesting little institution which was established, as long ago as 1872, by a kindly lady,

Mrs. Thomas Black?

I do not know about it, it is quite time you did, for it is perfectly unique of its kind; and, as it is a woman, it deserves recognition in the whole civilised world. It is called

St. Mary's Cottage Hospital,

and it is the only one in England which is entirely devoted to the treatment and cure of those unfortunately only too common sufferers from the poor, and generally called by those afflicted "bad leg." That distressing complaint eczema is also treated at St. Mary's. Mrs. Black wrote, on one occasion, when she was explaining how she started her little hospital, as follows:—"Such cases are unwelcome in general as they are long and tedious to cure, and there is wanted for more acute diseases." Why I consider it an excellent one it is—was to cure those by daily attendance and dressing of the patients who were still at work. It was founded by kindly foundress of St. Mary's was founded eighteen years ago, that she came across one of these "bad legs" for the first time. The sufferer was a sober, respectable man, and he had been the victim of his really terrible affliction for no less than twenty-five years. Mrs. Black collected a small sum of money among her friends in order to

Maintain Him and His Family

for four months; and during that time she went to see him twice every day to dress the sore, which healed completely at last, and remains healed up to date. Of course, the news of this cure spread rapidly: Mrs. Black was besieged with applications for care and treatment; and, as it was impossible for her to attend her new patients in their own homes, she hired a room at sixpence an hour, and in a few days she had as many as twenty under her kindly and skilful hands. Her next move was to appeal to the public, and she met with the most prompt and generous support: the number of patients soon outgrew the tiny room, and, means not being lacking, a small house was hired, in which a matron was placed, and the various cases were treated daily. In the year 1888 a house was bought in Southampton, and it is now the

Permanent Cottage Hospital.

It is opened every morning from ten to one, except on Saturday, when the hours are from three until five, to suit men and women who cannot leave their work earlier, and the honorary surgeon, Mr. F. Hall, a gentleman with a large practice, most kindly attends once every week to prescribe for those who need medicines. It is an astonishing fact that the report for the year ending November 1888 shows that the number of attendances during the year amounted to no less than

6982;

the number of dressings sent by post or carrier to patients who lived at a distance and could attend but rarely was 913; while the number of visits paid by the matron, head nurse, or Mrs. Black herself, to patients unable to attend at the hospital, was 527. Now, when we find a work such as I have thus briefly described carried on, as we may say, by

One Pair of Hands—

for the person who set the work going is the person to whom we must give the credit—is it not enough to make those of us who never in our lives helped a "lame dog over a stile" turn red with shame, if we do not turn green with envy of Mrs. Black? I may add here that

Contributions of Money

(the smallest sums are very welcome), old clothes, boots, and old linen are most thankfully received by Mrs. Black, at 5, Hazlett-road, Kensington, London, W., and if I have succeeded in interesting any of my readers in St. Mary's Cottage Hospital I hope they will contribute a trifle towards it. If they know what suffering means I am sure they will; but it does us good even to know of the kind hearts and capable hands there are in the world.

This very day (July 12) the great traveller

Mr. H. M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant

will be married at Westminster Abbey. The five brave and devoted friends who were with Stanley throughout the whole of his perilous journey are to act as his groomsmen on the happy occasion. The ceremony is to be performed by the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Westminster, and Archdeacon Farrar. Did I mention before that Mr. Stanley refused to accept any wedding presents made of ivory, because so much blood is spilled and so much cruelty practised in the procuring of it?

MARGUERITE.

LIVER COMPLAINTS—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Tins, 1s. 4½d. each.—[ADVT.]

Guy's Tonic. Guy's Tonic. Guy's Tonic

FOR

INDIGESTION & NERVOUSNESS.

THESE troublesome complaints are cured more speedily by GUY'S TONIC than by any known remedy, a few doses invariably accomplishing more than a prolonged course of any other treatment. Despairing invalids suffering from the most obstinate forms must not lose hope until they have given this excellent vegetable Tonic a fair Trial. For loss of appetite, pain after eating, and sluggish liver GUY'S TONIC is superior and preferable to all other preparations. For restoring nervous and debilitated constitutions, removing brain-weariness, nerve-waste, languor, and despondency, the most implicit confidence can be placed in this simple, safe, and efficient remedy. In general ill-health, want of energy, low spirits, bodily fatigue, weak and languid feelings, a tonic is imperatively demanded; it is a complete waste of time to take anything else, for it is a fact established beyond controversy that the greater the feebleness and loss of strength, the more impoverished the blood becomes of tonic ingredients. In the present age, complaints are of a depressing and weakening character; therefore all food should be restorative, all medicines tonic. GUY'S TONIC goes to the very root of disease, attacking the disorder constitutionally; therefore ailments of long-standing and deep-seated character are entirely driven out of the system by persevering with it for a few days. Should you have failing health, no matter from what cause, don't hesitate, but procure GUY'S TONIC at once. The most obstinate, chronic, and complicated maladies are yielding daily to this matchless medicine.

INTERESTING STATEMENTS.

INDIGESTION.

"I have no hesitation in saying there is no other medicine that could have cured me in so short a time. The fearful miseries I endured no tongue can tell. My stomach was weak, my liver sluggish, and my nerves prostrated; and all this was removed by two bottles of Guy's Tonic.
"WILLIAM PEARSON."

NERVOUSNESS.

"I have the greatest confidence in recommending Guy's Tonic in cases of nervousness with depression, resulting from an inactive liver and feeble digestive powers. I quickly perceived a benefit, for I became quite cheerful and happy. The 'Guide to Digestion' accompanying the bottle I found of much value in my case.
"EDWARD SPENCER."

A MISER'S HOARD.

"I had not taken the first dose of Guy's Tonic very long before I felt its beneficial influence on the liver and digestive organs. The distressing despondency and nervousness disappeared as if by magic. I tell all who suffer, 'One bottle of Guy's Tonic gave me more happiness than could be purchased with a Miser's Hoard.'
"J. CLARKSON."

A LIFELONG INVALID.

"Previous to taking Guy's Tonic my position was truly pitiable. I was afraid to eat for pain, and was enfeebled with cough and kidney complaint, easily fatigued, and sometimes so prostrated that I feared I should become a chronic invalid. With God's help, and your splendid medicine, I am completely restored. "G. COOPER."

COMMENCED TO CURE AT ONCE.

"I find Guy's Tonic very different from all other remedies. It commenced to cure at once. The two bottles you sent me have restored my shattered constitution and removed my extreme nervous irritability in quite a miraculous manner. It is also a most pleasant medicine to take.
"THOS. CARTER."

KIDNEY AND KINDRED AILMENTS.

"No pen can paint the agonies I endured for five long years. I suffered acutely from indigestion and liver complaint, and my whole nervous system was completely prostrated. The kidney secretion was very cloudy, and the pains around my loins were so great that I felt as if I were being dragged in two night and day. I was advised to try Guy's Tonic; and, though loth to throw away more of my hardly got earnings, I bought a bottle. In a marvellously short time I found the pains gradually disappearing, and Nature reasserting herself once more. I am now a hale, hearty man, and can defy suffering while I have the means to purchase what worked my cure.
"EDWARD CHAMPION."

GUY'S GUIDE TO DIGESTION

is an interesting account of the time taken to digest nearly every article of food known. Business anxieties and harassing family cares interfere so much with the healthy activity of the stomach that all should pay attention to the digestibility of food. When roast pork takes 5 hours and 20 minutes to digest, and venison only 1 hour and 30 minutes, it will be seen of what infinite consequence to happiness is this Guide. It will be sent GRATIS and POST FREE to any reader who will send us their address, naming "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

NOTICE.

In reply to repeated inquiries, we beg to state that GUY'S TONIC is compounded from the choicest vegetable ingredients. We guarantee that it is absolutely free from Quinine and Iron, and that it is the only tonic in the whole world that does not produce constipation. An occasional use of GUY'S TONIC does not lead to habitual requirement.

GUY'S TONIC is sold by all Chemists at 2s. 9d. per bottle. If you cannot obtain it promptly send the amount (2s. 9d.) to GUY'S TONIC CO., 4, Ludgate-circus, London, and it will be sent by return post paid. Insist upon having GUY'S TONIC. No substitute whatever should be accepted.

A VISIT TO BISLEY, THE NEW "WIMBLEDON" OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

THE POPULAR PRINCE AND PRINCESS, WHO ARE TO OPEN THE BISLEY MEETING, ON SATURDAY, JULY 12.

THE centre of interest for thousands of homes throughout Great Britain will be Bisley Common for the next fortnight. We heartily congratulate the Council of the National Rifle Association upon the sound judgment they have shown in selecting such a salubrious site for their annual rifle contests. Volunteers generally will rejoice to know that, as her Majesty the Queen inaugurated the National Rifle Association's meetings at Wimbledon by firing the first shot some thirty years ago, so

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,

our Queen to be, will graciously perform a similar ceremony this (Saturday) afternoon at Bisley, accompanied by the Prince, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of our Royal Family. May Sunshine brighten the scene!

Breezy Bisley

is most accessible, thanks to the admirable arrangements made by Mr. Charles Scotter, the energetic Manager of the London and South-Western Railway Company. Indeed, we are glad to know that the London and South-Western Railway Company have shown great anxiety to make the "Bisley, 1890" meeting a big success, so far as an efficient train service is concerned. The first train will leave Waterloo to reach Bisley in time for breakfast, and the last will reach the camp long after midnight, and the company will, of course, run as many "specials" as the requirements of the traffic demand. The return service from Bisley is also conveniently arranged. The fare for Volunteers is low, but competitors and others—out of uniform—will require to satisfy the booking-clerk that they are going to Bisley on the business of the meeting before receiving tickets at the reduced rate.

Shooting Begins

on Monday, the 14th inst., and the meeting will close with the distribution of prizes on the 26th inst. Sergeant-Major Hoey, an old Wimbledon friend, has been very busy putting the finishing touches all round the camp. The targets are so numerous that the shooting will doubtless be got through with much more expedition than at Wimbledon. At the 500 and 600 yards range the targets number no less than ninety.

A *P.I.P.* Artist, it will be observed, thoroughly illustrates the Bisley site of the National Rifle Association.

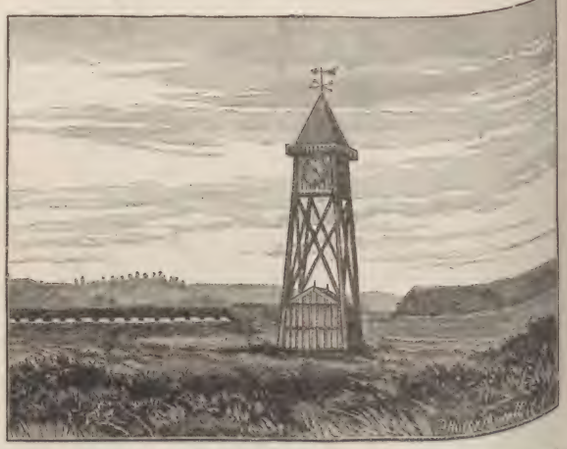
The Queen's Prize Entries

show a large increase on those of former years. Last year the number of competitors who faced the targets for the Blue Riband of the final Wimbledon Meeting was 2313, as against 2362 in 1888; but now, with the large number of post entries which have been received, the total has exceeded all expectations.

Riflemen from India and Australia

will shoot for the Queen's Prize, and in other contests for which they are eligible.

It is understood that on the occasion of the opening day (Saturday, July 12), when the Princess of Wales will, as above mentioned, fire the first shot, the rifle will be placed in a fixed rest, and so adjusted as to insure a bull's-eye. Extensive arrangements are being made to render the event historical. Fine weather alone is needed to make the first Bisley Meeting a success.



THE LARGE RANGE BUTT, FROM THE CLOCK TOWER.

PERMANENT RANGE FOR VOLUNTEER PRACTICE AND CLASS FIRING.

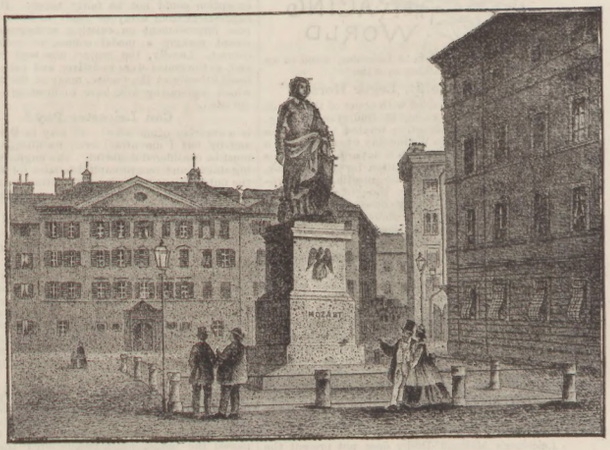
CONSTRUCTING THE GREAT BUTT FOR NINETY TARGETS AT BISLEY.

VIEW OF BISLEY AND BROOKWOOD, FROM BEHIND THE "RUNNING MAN" BUTT.

BRIDGE AND JUNCTION OF N.R.A. TRAM LINE WITH S.W.R. AT BROOKWOOD LOCK.

CAMP ON BISLEY COMMON.

SALZBURG, MOZART'S BIRTHPLACE.



MOZART-PLATZ IN SALZBURG.

ON THE CONTINONG.—VI.

BY A COOK'S TOURIST.

VENICE.

It is difficult, Mr. Editor, for me to cast my mind back on the experience of the past week or so, because my first view of Venice is so great a revelation of loveliness, and so entirely absorbs my thoughts, that I feel that all that I have seen and heard since I left Munich and Ober-Ammergau has passed away like a dream. But to recall. From Munich I make my way

On to Salzburg.

Now I am in Austria, and can appreciate the difference. The Austrians have more courtesy and better taste than the Germans. They are

MOZART.

this, politest people I have ever met. If Munich be a bit disappointing on a first impression, Salzburg is not. Alexander Humboldt declared that next to Naples and Constantinople he counted Salzburg the most beautifully situated city in the world. My illustration will, I think, indorse this judgment. The town is situated on both banks of the Salzbach, and there are the abrupt castle hill and the Münchsberg on one bank, and the Capuzinger Mountain on the other. In the distance we can see the snow-clad Eastern Alps. One must visit the Cathedral and climb to the Castle and see the view, as also the Princes' Rooms and the Justice Hall, with its adjoining torture-chamber. Musical people will like to be reminded that Haydn is buried in the churchyard, and that it was

The Home of Mozart.

Here in his rooms we now have a museum, with his cradle, his musical instruments, and abundance of other associations. And in one of the squares there is a statue to him, although the Salzburgers made little enough to-do about their great townsman when he was among them. I leave Salzburg and its many beauties with regret. It has well been described by a Scotsman as Edinburgh Castle and the Old Town brought within the cliffs of the Trossachs and watered by the Tay.

Now I take train to

Passau.

It is rather out of my way; but I want to see what is considered the best part of the Danube, apart from a piece in Servia. This brings me into Germany again, and means another examination of the luggage. But when one's baggage has an unmistakably English appearance, that does not amount to much. Passau is an interesting town, at the confluence of the Danube and the Inn, with stately cathedral, good theatre, and all the other conditions of a fine German town; but, when all is said, it looks best from the banks of the Danube. After all, the traveller who goes from Leicester to Leeds does not find much in either town to attract him, unless he falls among some charming people who give him a peep into the inner life of their town. With our beautiful cathedral cities it is different. But the churches at Passau and Linz are, for the most part, the

Uninteresting Rococo Structures

of which one gets thoroughly wearied in Germany and Austria. No; it is the river scenery which strikes one, and of that we can never weary. Here, at the Klosterberg, is a pleasant view of the yellow-green Danube at its union with the greyish Inn and inky Ilz. The steam-boat journey towards Linz offers some imposing prospects, ruined castles rising from abrupt cliffs, sloping mountains, and terraces of vines. I shall never surely forget the picturesque village of Obermichl in the midst of a district of precipitous wooded hills, a thousand feet high. But how can I convey a day of very grand and delightful scenery in a few lines? There were no English on board, and I was told that they rarely go

Down the Danube,

or, at least, that it was nothing like as popular as the Rhine. It is their loss. A day's journey—one of the pleasantest conceivable—takes me to

Linz,

which is even more beautifully situated than Passau. It is a fine city, with the smaller town of Urfahr on the opposite bank. The spacious square, or Franz-Josephs Platz, has a lofty Trinity column in its centre, and round this in the evening a large crowd of poor people were praying. How different is Austria from North Germany in connection with this matter of prayer! In Prussia you may visit the churches on Sunday, and be startled at the fewness of the worshippers. In Austria all the services are crowded. I could hardly find standing-room in the cathedral at Linz.

Pilgrimages,

also, are almost as popular an institution as in the Middle Ages. As we make our way by the steamer from Linz to Vienna we stop at village after village, and it is no uncommon thing to see a small army of peasants, with banners and crucifixes, come on the boat, all destined for the next village, where there is a particularly famous shrine. Yes; we are in quite another world than that which Catholic (?) countries like France can show us, at least from the surface view of the large French towns. The Danube is less attractive after Passau, but there are many points of interest—most striking to an Englishman, doubtless, being the ruined castle on the height of

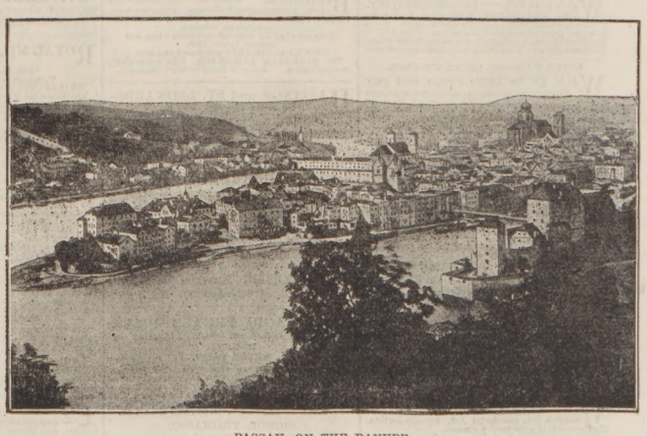
CASTLE OF DÜRRENSTEIN, WHERE RICHARD CŒUR DE LION WAS IMPRISONED.

Durrenstein,

where it is said that Leopold of Austria imprisoned the lion-hearted Richard of England for fifteen months. It was here, you remember, that the faithful Blondel is said to have discovered his master. Charming relic of an epoch which "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman" have made dear to the heart of every boy, and every man who has not, happily, lost the boyish heart! Castles there are still in plenty. It would be hard to find a prettier town than Stein. But here we are at Vienna, a few lines on which I must reserve for next week.

C. K. S.

LINZ, ON THE DANUBE.



PASSAU, ON THE DANUBE.

THE RACING WORLD

On Monday, on the way to Leicester, some of us occupied ourselves in talking over the

Chances of the St. Leger Horses,

an amusement not unvaried with abuse of the people who arranged to start racing at Dudley on Monday. Why the Leicester executive wanted to stick the meeting on Monday to Wednesday when they had a clear Thursday open to them is not apparent, unless it was with morbid consideration for Hurst Park, where a one-day steeplechase meeting was projected. If that was so, more thought was given to an affair sure to be of paltry consequence, and, as a matter of detail, promptly abandoned as inexpedient if not impossible, than to the public or the proprietary's interests.

A Very Great Mistake

was made. Let us hope that, ere long, the Jockey Club's example of leaving Monday out will be adopted, and such inconveniences as those fixtures be abolished altogether, save in the case of Bank holidays. Returning to the St. Leger, we made out a rather awkward list of doubtful horses—those who may go all right, but who also may go wrong. I regret to say that we must count Heaume as one of the untrustworthy lot, though I put most confidence in his ability and Oddfellow's to pull me through in September. Heaume, we know, has been lame occasionally this season. Then there is Rightaway, more or less a cripple. Memoir was unsound a few days ago. And so you go on.

Leicester's Midland Derby does not present the Derby horses in a favourable light. Harfleur made a sorry example of Orwell, who literally confirmed the wretched form of Ascot. I hardly expected Harfleur to win, but his second in the Ascot Stakes was certainly meritorious. He won the Midland Derby through staying powers, and looks likely to train on into

A Real Stayer,

a rara avis, or its equine equivalent, in these days.

Very little pleasure or profit could be had out of Kempton Park's two days. For years Sunbury has been fortunate in getting sun for its summer fixtures, if not exactly at the right time, at some time while they were on. Judging by the poverty of attendance and miserable weather, we might have been steeplechasing instead of flat-racing in the middle of what ought to be summer.

Marsh did not play the strong hand expected, but my two left in, Philomel and Day Dawn, cut prominent figures in the betting. Day Dawn carried more money than her stable companion Screech Owl—for the stable, that is—but while the Owl started from a good berth close to the inside rails, Day Dawn was on the extreme right and had too far to go to hold a fair chance of winning. Of the three placed, Deuce of Clubs was a lucky winner, because he cannoned against Screech Owl, who was not in a position to object, as he could not beat Master Charlie for second place. It may be of service to my readers to know that

Master Charlie

ought to have won right out, and would have done so with a stronger jockey up.

For downright staggering surprises, commend me to Fuse's victory in the Grand Two-year-old Stakes. You could not name the odds on either Siphonia or the Deemster against Fuse single-handed. As it was, the riders of the two favourites were busy watching each other, and let George Barrett steal first run.

All racing men regret that the Jockey Club taboo the new Croydon course at Gatwick, but join with other writers in the hope that difficulties may be smoothed out, and at last a treat given to the new establishment. I happen to know that Mr. George Verrall, who is practically manager for the proprietary, had been at infinite pains to formulate plans to which exception could not be fairly taken. He sought suggestions from everyone likely to be able to propose improvement on existing arrangements, and meant making a model course, or collection of courses. Locally, the project was well supported, and, as the trains were to deliver and take up their loads literally at the course, many of the objections which non-racing folk have to meetings would be obviated.

Can Leicester Pay?

is a question often asked. It may in the dim by-and-by, but I am afraid even its ultimate success must be considered doubtful. The engineers get up big stakes, and secure capital entries for them, but the public do not patronise the meetings; and, as the market is consequently cramped, owners do not care to enter for the minor events.

Considerable feeling has been imported into the discussion on

Barmecide's Starting Price

for the Cumberland Plate. As all know now, the competitors, after being under the starter's orders, ran the full course, the jockeys being apparently under the misapprehension that the flags had fallen. This being declared a no start, they raced again. Tyrant came in first in no go; Barmecide, in the second. In the earlier attempt to race, eight to one was laid on Barmecide. At the second turn, three to one was taken. Should Barmecide's starting price be

Eight or Three to One?

is the question. It seems to me that the point is to be easily settled by asking whether the first was a race or not. If it was, then eight to one is Barmecide's starting price; but Tyrant, who then first passed the judge, must be declared the winner. Tyrant was adjudged not to win, because the start was not a legal start at all, but a break-away. When Barmecide was sent on his journey by Mr. MacGeorge, three to one was taken, and that is the price at the recognised start. What can be clearer?

CYCLE & CAMERA

What a season it has been for cyclists? Rain, rain, and nothing but rain has been the record for the last few weeks. It put a stop to the Royal meeting at Paddington on Saturday, and bunting hung wet and disconsolate about the Recreation Grounds. It put a stop to all road runs on Sunday—at least, it did to mine, for I knew the roads would be in no condition for riding, and the rain that set in about noon made me glad I had stayed at home. But, apparently, we are not alone in our misery. There has been much rain and cool weather on the Continent, I am told by a correspondent in the South of France; while it is a mystery how Americans keep on riding through the heat that, according to reports, has dozens of victims daily.

May the camping month bring better things with it! Mr. R. J. Mecredy has planned a delightful camping tour for this summer. He is coming over to the South of England with his party. Cornwall is to be the scene of part of the journey, and two beautiful camping sites, at Helston and St. Columb Major, have already been secured. He also proposes to ride through Devon, and is anxious, if possible, to camp in the Dart and Doone Valleys. Nothing could be lovelier than this portion of Devonshire; and to all readers of Blackmore the Doone Valley, with its memories of Lorna Doone and Jan Ridd, has become classic ground. Whoever wants to know something of the country, with its associations, through which Mr. Mecredy proposes to take his party, let him by all means read "Lorna Doone." If he has read it already a second reading will do him no harm. There is far more satisfaction to be had in joining the Irish cyclist camp, where the discomforts of living in a tent are counterbalanced by the charms of touring, than of spending two or three days under canvas at Harrogate or Gloralming. If any further information is wanted, write to Mr. Mecredy, 49, Middle Abbey-street, Dublin.

Shorland's Brighton ride (sketched last week by a *P.I.P.* Artist) is still the most talked-about performance of the season, and I have doubtful if it will be surpassed this year. It is simply marvellous that a man, knowing so little of the road and riding for no special inducement or advertisement, should alone beat by 4 hours 15 sec. the record which it took four men to make successively on the same machine to make. Such a feat is of far more importance to cycling than it shows what can be done on an ordinary bicycle than the times and records made on the path. Shorland rode a geared facile fitted with pneumatic tyres. It would now be interesting to see what the four men who rode over the same route in April 13 last could accomplish with the pneumatic. As it is, Shorland, to prove that it is a good man, and not only the machine, who does the work, is going to repeat his ride on a solid-tyred Facile. It is a risky experiment, but he deserves all good luck.

The air tyres, by the way, are beginning to have the popularity on the road that they always enjoy on the race-track. Major Knox-Holland, the veteran, tells me that he is having them fitted to all his machines. And Mr. John Boyd Dunlop, of cycling fame, already has them on the 24-inch wheels of his tricycle.

An interesting event on the road is to come off some fine Saturday within the next few weeks, between Messrs. T. R. Marriott, Gossage, and Nixon, all three old and tried riders. Marriott's ride from Land's End to John o'Groat's will long be remembered. And I hear that Mr. Stevens's record "Around the World on a Bicycle" is to be broken shortly by three or four brave young men of Kearney, Nebraska, U.S.A., who on the first of next September start to follow in his tracks, with £500 between them to cover their expenses. I shall be more curious to see if their money goes round the world than to see they manage the round trip with their bicycles. It will be about record if it does.

The *C.T.C. Gazette* devotes several of its columns this month to a long and gruesome collection of accidents that have happened to cyclists of late. The moral it draws from the accidents that have been caused by them, however, is good: The reckless riding of the few, not suppressed, will lead to inapportionable restrictions for the many. A more interesting item in the same number is a letter from Mr. S. A. Stead, C.C. for the Foreign Office, acknowledging the receipt of a German Road Book from Styria. That such a book should have been called for in that remote corner of South-Eastern Europe speaks eloquently for the growth of cycling.

N. C. U.

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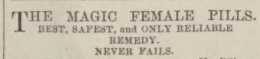

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LEGAL COLUMN

["Zoë" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIDGEBAR.—The freeholder of the land cannot be compelled out of it on such a technical ground. The payment made by you of royalty is as good as a payment made for the surface of the land and right of way.

B. C. wishes to be advised as to a book which would be a safe guide to "an ignorant" person in writing out a will for his own signature. B. C. has a little property, and he would like to save the expense of employing a lawyer, as the property is very small, and the wording of the will would be very simple." B. C. also asks whether the stamp for a will, and could he get it at the post-office. An "ignorant person" is generally the last person in the world to use a law book, and certain to make a mistake if he attempted to deal with wills. B.C. would be wise to go to a solicitor rather than have a Chancery suit after his death. There is no stamp duty payable on a will till probate (after death).

Zoë wishes to know, in effect, if an executor or trustee under a will can also be a legatee under the same will? Certainly he can. The only persons who are disqualified to take any benefit under a will are the attesting witnesses—i.e. persons who see the testator sign, and the husband or wife of an attesting witness. If a legatee were also an attesting witness, the legacy would be void, but the will would be good in other respects. But a trustee or executor who is not a witness may take benefit under a will like any other person.

"It is rather hard to understand your letter, which begins as if it were written by the wife, and is signed by a Christian name which looks as if it were written by the husband. So far as we understand the case, the wife is not a "deserter." If the husband and wife agree to live separate as they did in this case in 1883, to be maintained by the husband "for ever," it cannot be called a desertion by the husband. The wife seems to have had several children by another man. If the husband has not been guilty of neglect or otherwise conduced to or connived at the wife's adultery, he would, of course, be now entitled to a divorce, provided he himself has not committed adultery. The wife would be liable to forfeit whatever of getting a divorce in such circumstances. Marriage is not by law a contract terminable by consent.

TRADESMAN.—An assistant embezzled a tradesman's money. The assistant was given into the custody of the police on a charge of embezzlement, and the friends of the assistant, who are better off, come forward and settle the matter. The assistant has no money, and unless the tradesman accepts this £50 there will be the expenses and annoyance of a prosecution and the total loss of about £100 embezzled. Certainly this is a temptation, but we are afraid "Tradesman" must not listen to it at the present stage. It is an unlawful act to compound a felony—i.e. to abstain from prosecuting, or to stop a prosecution for the payment of money. The only safe course for "Tradesman" to adopt is to consult a lawyer, and if it is a case of doubtful criminality—e.g. if the clerk were only a commission-agent—the magistrate or judge at the trial may consent to the prosecution being withdrawn; but the magistrate or judge should be informed that it is proposed that money should be paid to "Tradesman." Of course, if the assistant who has embezzled the money is convicted, there could be no objection to "Tradesman" subsequently receiving his money from any conscientious friends of the assistant. But we expect that the friends will become less conscientious if a conviction be obtained. The Treasury often look sharply after cases in which there is an attempt to hush the matter up out of court, and we should strongly advise "Tradesman" to be very careful.

M. M.—If the solicitor were not acting as your solicitor, but merely as solicitor to the borrower, you can possibly still sue the borrower on the promissory note. If the solicitor were acting as your solicitor, and had therefore to receive the money for you, of course you may lose it. But the fact that you have kept the promissory note is a strong argument in your favour. Another difficulty would of course arise if the interest were not paid by the borrower, or with his authority, at any time within six years from the date the note became due. As a hundred pounds are at stake, you ought not to expect to avoid the lawyers. Go to your solicitor. LEX.

INFANTILE REALISM.

REV. MR. TILLINGHAST. "Not quarrelling, I hope, children?"
TOMMY. "Oh no. We 're just having tableaux."
MR. TILLINGHAST. "What does this one represent?"
TOMMY. "Mamma asking papa for a cheque."

FUN AND FANCY.

HOW IT 'S DONE.

SHE: "Mrs. Jaysmith tells me she rubs alcohol on her lips to make them red."
HE: "Jaysmith uses the same agent to make his nose red, but he doesn't rub it on."

THE NATIONAL FAILING.

JACKSON: "I'm going to start a new paper, and I think I 'll call it the *Umbrella*."
MERRITT: "Why?"
JACKSON: "Because everybody who sees it will take it."
MERRITT: "Yes; people would take it, but they wouldn't pay for it."

WOMEN

were made before mirrors; and they have been before them ever since.

FAITH

may move mountains; but it requires works to tunnel them.

A WICKED PLOT.

FIRST POET: "I am going to get even with the editor of the *Nogood Magazine*."
SECOND POET: "How?"
THIRD POET: "I've sent him a poem, and I've poisoned the mucilage on the return envelope."

ALL HANDS UP.

LAWYER: "There is no hand so dear to me
As the hand that bears the biggest fee."
WAITER: "The hand I like the best to grip
Is the hand that holds a handsome tip."
LOVER: "The hand I love is soft and white,
With one small golden ring bedight."
JACKPOT: "More common-sense, and less of gush!
My hold 's an ace high royal flush."

A BAD SHOT.

HE: "I have never yet met the woman I thought I could marry."
SHE: "No, they are very hard to please, as a rule."

MODERN SOCIETY.

HE (making a party call): "I think party calls are great bores. Don't you?"
SHE (receiving): "Yes, indeed."

A WILLING MAID.

HE: "Are you sure you could be happy without me?"
SHE: "I'm willing to try."

AN UNDERSTANDING.

"WILL you be a sister to me?"
"No, I won't."
"Good! Name the day."

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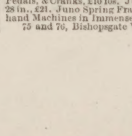
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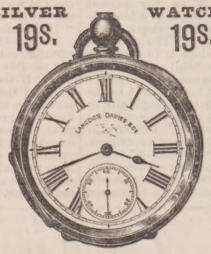

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"122, Palace-colliery, Bothwell, May 2, 1890.—Dear Sir, I received the Chain and Watch, and was very pleased with them.—Yours sincerely, GEORGE WILSON."

"Church-street, Lumley, March 16, 1888.—Dear Sir,—I write to let you know that I have received the Albert and Watch all safe, and am well pleased with them. I have no more to say at present.—W. TWEEDY."

"Alma-street, Kentish Town, April 27, 1888.—I received Chain and Watch last evening safely, for which receive my best thanks. I am very pleased with both.—W. S."

"36, Warwick-road, Maida-hill, April 23, 1888.—My sister having seen the Chain I purchased from you, she would like one like it. Please send one.—MISS LEGGATT."

"Halstead, Essex, Dec. 20, 1888.—Sir,—Please send me two more Chains, one Locket and one Seal, like the ones you have sent; also the Watches.—Yours truly, WM. COOPER."

"Weekly Cottage, Kettering, Aug. 31, 1888.—Sir,—I received the Watch and Chain this morning, and was very pleased, more so with the Watch presented, as I think it is beautiful. Please send Sovereign Purse, 2s. 6d.—B. BAKER."

"98, Old Palace-road, Norwich, Dec. 30, 1888.—Sir,—I write to let you know that I received the Chain and Watch safely, and am very pleased with them. Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.—Yours truly, R. CLAPTON."

"The Lodge, Market Bosworth, Feb. 20, 1890.—Dear Sir,—I received Chain, &c., quite safe, and am well pleased with them.—Yours truly, J. STONE."

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